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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM S. ROSECRANS, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL ROSECRANS.

WE devote the preceding page to a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS, the new commander of the Army of the Ohio, and the hero of the Battle of Corinth.

General Rosecrans was born in Delaware County, Ohio, on 6th November, 1819. His family were of Dutch descent, though of the Roman Catholic faith. In the year 1837 he was appointed a cadet at West Point, and graduated among the five first in 1841. Entering the corps of engineers, he was successively employed in works of construction at Fortress Monroe; Newport, Rhode Island; New Bedford, Massachusetts, etc., and served four years as Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Academy at West Point. In 1853 he left the army, and opened an office as civil engineer at Cincinnati. In 1855 he accepted the Presidency of the Cannel Coal Company of Coal River, Kanawha Court House, Virginia; but a couple of years afterward resigned the position to commence, at Cincinnati, the manufacture of coal oil.

At the outbreak of the rebellion General Rosecrans was one of the first men whom General M'Clellan called to his aid. He accepted the post of aid to M'Clellan when the latter entered Western Virginia, and was soon afterward appointed Brigadier-General. In the short but brilliant campaign which cleared the rebels out of Western Virginia Rosecrans took a leading part, and when General M'Clellan was called to Washington to replace M'Dowell he was left in command. He prosecuted the campaign with moderate success, failing, however, in his great object, which was to bag the "thief Floyd," through some mischance of General Benham's. For some time subsequently to this but little was heard of General Rosecrans. He turned up again at Corinth, and was in command there when the place was attacked by the rebels under Van Dorn on 3d and 4th October. His victory has been thoroughly acknowledged by the rebels.

When the escape of Bragg rendered it incumbent on the President to replace General Buell by some more fortunate if not more energetic commander, General Rosecrans was at once selected for the command. The public have every hope that he will vindicate the wisdom of the choice.

We published a sketch of General Rosecrans a little more than a year ago. The writer remarked that among the papers which he examined in search of materials for his biography, he discovered a testimonial to "Mr. Rosecrans's high abilities, integrity, and energy," signed by Jefferson Davis, and dated 1854.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

THE FIFTH ACT OF THE DRAMA.

THE events of this war repeat themselves with uniform regularity. We began the war with a pretty general contempt for our adversary, and a complacent self-assurance of early and easy triumph. That delusion was dispelled on 21st July on the field of Bull Run, and there the curtain fell on the first Act of our great Drama. From that ill-omened day till the close of the year 1861 the hand of fate was against us. We lost battles, and we lost territory, and we lost hope. Our armies lay idle, seemingly through want of energy on the part of their leaders. People began to despond, and the great North, which had been welded into an integral whole by the attack on Fort Sumter, began to exhibit symptoms of division into parties. The rebels could boast of holding more territory than they had ever expected to inclose within their Confederacy. They had blockaded the Potomac, beleaguered Washington, menaced Cairo and Louisville. Our blockade of their ports had been run by over three hundred vessels. The prestige of victory was with them; and the official organ of Jeff Davis's Government assured its readers that the independence of the South had been actually achieved, and that henceforth the contest was merely for boundaries. This was the condition of affairs at New Year 1862; and here we may say the second Act of the Drama ended.

The third Act began with the fulfillment of M'Clellan's famous promise that "when the storm does begin, it will lighten along the whole line." It began on the battle-field of Somerset in Kentucky, where, on 19th January, the first real victory won by the North was achieved. The news had scarcely been received in New York before the telegraph flashed the welcome intelligence of the bombardment and capture of Fort Henry, on February 6th; and from that day to the end of June the record was one of uninterrupted Northern success. On February 8, two days after the fall of Fort Henry, Burnside wrested the island of Roanoke from the rebels, and thus achieved the conquest of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and of the whole sea-board of North Carolina. On 16th, General Grant "moved upon the enemy's works" at Fort Donelson and captured that strong-hold with many thousands of prisoners. The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson compelled the rebels to evacuate their two strong-holds in the West, Columbus and Bowling Green. On 1st March the former was abandoned, and on 12th General Mitchell commenced his glorious career by entering the latter. Meanwhile, on 8th March, Curtis and Sigel had enrolled their names in the book of fame, by defeating the enemy under M'Intosh, Price, and Van Dorn at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas. On 11th, the Army of the Potomac moved: Banks occupied Winchester, and M'Clellan obliged the rebels to evacuate Manassas without firing a gun. The two last weeks of March witnessed the capture of Newbern and Beaufort, North Carolina, by Burnside; of Florence, Alabama, and Iuka, Mississippi, by Mitchell; and of the whole coast of Florida, by Commodore Dupont. April began as brilliantly. On 7th, Island No. 10 surrendered to General Pope; on 8th, Commodore Farragut and General Butler took New Orleans—the most brilliant exploit of the war. On the same day, General M'Clellan commenced his parallels against Yorktown. On the same day the terrible battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, by far the most bloody of the war, terminated in the victory of the Northern forces, and destroyed the hope of Beauregard's army. On 11th, General Mitchell took Huntsville, Alabama—thus securing about 100 miles of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad; and on the same day Fort Pulaski, Georgia, surrendered to General Gilmore.

The next event of importance was the evacuation of Yorktown, on May 4th; and the battle of Williamsburg, in which a portion of M'Clellan's army won a victory on 5th. Then followed in quick succession the battles of Hanover Court House, West Point, and Fair Oaks—all victories for the North; and on the 30th May the evacuation of Corinth. This, together with the naval victory of Commodore Foote, on 6th June, compelled the surrender of Memphis on 7th. On 18th June, General Morgan occupied Cumberland Gap. This event appears to us to have closed the third Act of the Drama. For five months our successes had been uninterrupted and substantial. Once more we were relapsing into our old blind self-confidence, and falling into the errors which this feeling naturally engenders. Enlistments were stopped and no means of recruiting our decimated regiments even proposed. Politicians were again beginning to discount the future, which they deemed so certain, and to quarrel over the distribution of the honors which seemed so securely won. There was a general relaxation of the energy which had enabled us to win victories. Add to this that the season precluded the operations of our gunboats on the rivers of the interior, and a part of the succeeding events will seem less unintelligible than they would otherwise appear.

The fourth Act of the Drama commenced with the operations of Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, which, though depressing to the Northern mind, were indecisive. The battles of the seven days before Richmond, ending July 1, were far more important. However highly we may praise the skill of M'Clellan and the bravery of his troops, it can not be denied that the substantial fruits of victory on this occasion were with the rebels. Our army was driven in a shattered condition to the banks of the James River, and the siege of Richmond was raised. The success raised the hopes of the rebels once more. Their conscript Act was enforced with rigor, and their armies throughout the Confederacy strengthened. An aggressive policy was adopted. Bragg moved northward from Chattanooga, Lee from Richmond, Hindman from Little Rock, Arkansas, while Breckinridge and Van Dorn undertook successfully to prevent the reopening of the Mississippi. We failed to take Vicksburg, and were forced to evacuate Baton Rouge. Pope, with a handful of men, strove bravely, but of course ineffectually, to resist the overwhelming advance of Lee upon Washington: the last week of August was almost as disastrous to us as the last week of June. Buell, choosing rather to circumvent Bragg than to fight him, operated so as to protect Nashville and Louisville, and succeeded; but he could not prevent the fall of Murfreesboro', the abandonment of Cumberland Gap, the capture of Frankfort and Lexington, and the occupation by the rebels of the whole Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. In the far West Hindman actually threw out skirmishers into Missouri. This Act naturally terminates with the passage of the Potomac by Lee's forces in the first week of September, and the halt of Bragg's and Kirby Smith's armies before Louisville and Cincinnati. At this moment the rebels had driven us out of Virginia and followed us into Maryland; had reoccupied the best part of Kentucky, and left us only two small corners of Tennessee; had rendered the navigation of the Mississippi as dangerous as it ever was. They were flushed with victory, we were dispirited by defeat. Their papers reported, to use their own words, "a succession of triumphs so monotonous as to pall upon the taste." Our people had begun once more to lose faith in themselves, in their cause, and especially in their leaders, and traitors were again rearing their heads at the North.

The fifth, and, we hope, the last Act of the Drama, commenced on September 14, when General M'Clellan defeated the rebels at South Mountain under Lee. On 17th he fought them again at Antietam, and drove them out of Maryland. On the same day Kirby Smith's army began to fall back from Florence, Kentucky, abandoning the enterprise against Cincinnati in despair. On 25th, Buell arrived at Louisville, and Bragg began to fall back. On 4th October General Rosecrans utterly defeated the rebels at Corinth, as acknowledged at Richmond, paralyzing the armies of Van Dorn and Breckinridge. On the same day we took Galveston, Texas. On 8th, the battle of Perryville was fought, which, though perhaps not a Union victory, still compelled Bragg to fly rapidly toward the Cumberland mountains, losing the whole fruit of his expedition. On 22d, the rebel army in Arkansas was defeated and scattered at a second battle of Pea Ridge. On 23d, General Mitchell attacked the Savannah and Charleston Railroad. On 26th, the Army of the Potomac crossed into Virginia to renew the campaign. On the same day the Army of the Ohio, under instructions from its new commander, General Rosecrans, marched southward toward Tennessee. Events indicate that the tide of fortune has turned once more, and that when the curtain falls on this fifth Act the laws of art will be fulfilled by the dénouement of the drama. This hope is encouraged by the fact that our armies are far stronger than they ever were, and are daily receiving fresh accessions of strength; that they are perfectly armed and equipped, and that their officers have at length learned how to handle them; and that in the course of a few days we shall have a fleet of *Monitors* afloat for the reduction of Charleston, Savannah, and Mobile. It is further confirmed by the fact that though, during what we have termed the second and fourth Acts of the Drama, success was with the rebels, we lost no important strategic points which we had previously won. Though they seemed to win every battle, and we seemed to hear of nothing but reverses, we continued to hold Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans, Corinth, Norfolk, Beaufort, Fort Pulaski, Pensacola, San Augustine, and to control the Mississippi River, with the exception of a few miles above and below Vicksburg. The difference between them and us appears to be that their triumphs are barren of practical results, while ours have almost invariably secured for us substantial advantages in point of territory, strategic points, or influential towns.

We have been so often disappointed that it seems rash to risk any more predictions. But if we gain as much in this fifth Act as we did in the third, there will be very little left of the Confederacy by next spring.

THE LOUNGER.

A JOKER UPON THE WAR.

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN is an unseasonable jester. The airy way in which he cries "Ho, for Fort Lafayette!" shows simply his consciousness of what he deserves, and his equal consciousness that the Government which he accuses of suppressing free speech does not mind his slanders enough to suppress them. Mr. Van Buren's political opinions have ceased to be important, except as indicating the views and policy of others. There was a time when he was the most popular orator of the principles against which the insurrection is directed. There was a time when he was the leader of the party of the future. That future has arrived. That party, with all men of all parties who are true to the fundamental principle of the Government, is valorously fighting for the existence of the nation, and its old champion stands by with folded arms, leering and laughing, jesting cheerfully, amidst peals of applause which Jeff Davis hears and smiles, over that excellent but tedious joke, the bloody destruction of the Government of the United States and the ruin of all hope of popular civil liberty hereafter.

Mr. Seymour himself is too sagacious to unroll his programme. But his friend, the jester, is less wise. The whole story of the desperate effort of the rump of the old Democratic party to get upon its legs is told in a few sentences by Mr. Van Buren. "Let us take Richmond," he says in substance. "Then ask our erring brethren what they want; if we can't agree, let us say, 'Wayward sisters, depart in peace!'"

"Here's richness!" cried Mr. Squeers, as he sipped the sky-blue skim-milk. Here's statesmanship! may we not all cry as we contemplate this patent Sherman's lozenge warranted to cure rebellion in one dose? But why take Richmond? If Mr. Van Buren had really enlisted for the war, we could understand that he burned for the fray, and could not hold until he had fleshed his doughty blade. But as he did not go, and the only war he wages is against the army and the Government, why should he send thousands and thousands of citizens, quite as valuable to the country as he, to be slaughtered, maimed, and mangled before Richmond, when by his own statement it is all to be in vain? If the Government is to surrender to the rebellion, why not surrender before another life is lost? If Mr. Van Buren and the friends for whom he speaks are so anxious to let "our Southern brethren" do exactly what they choose when they constitutionally administer the Government, and when they constitutionally lose control of it, then smother it and the country, and all the rights of every man in blood, why wait until we take Richmond? What connection is there between all this and Richmond? The jester gets a little ghastly here. For if he is willing to let them have all they wish when Richmond is taken, he simply gives his consent to the murder of all his fellow-citizens who may be slain in taking it. He may have sons or brothers in the war for all we know; but if he has not there is scarce a true-hearted family in the land but has sent its brave and cherished there, and they may be pardoned if they prefer that, if the wayward sisters are to depart in peace, they may be allowed to start now, satisfied with the misery they have already caused.

Here are our streets and the whole country filled with wounded and maimed soldiers, heroic monuments of the national valor. Thousands sleep in the foul soil of Virginia, slain in battle or dead of sharp torture and lingering disease. But the lively jester skips in and capers upon their graves, and shaking his bells, cries "Pooh, pooh! if a man's wife wants to leave him, she can make him mighty uncomfortable, and he had better let her go. Let her go? yes, and pack her trunk too."

This is the gay view of our tremendous struggle for the perpetuity of civil order to which Mr. Van Buren invites the fathers and brothers and friends of our soldiers in the field, when he asks them to vote for Horatio Seymour. To be sure a few thousands more, including your son, may be killed, but as soon as they are safely dead we'll make it all up! If that is what you want, don't fail to vote for Seymour. If you think that at such an hour as this the people of the State of New York should express a preference for a party whose chief orator makes the war a joke, by all means vote for Seymour. But if you earnestly mean crushing the rebellion by war, then vote for Wadsworth, who means it just as earnestly as you.

"OUR OWN."

THE New York correspondent of the London *Times* is handled without gloves in a recent number of the London *Daily News*. The person who writes these letters had declared, after the retreat of Pope: "Brag, bold, brazen, unblushing, unconquerable Brag is lord of the ascendant, and strives to keep up the spirits of the people.... But all this is, in one word, 'Bosh.'... It is not permitted to the newspapers of New York to promulgate the fact, but it is known in almost every circle, and all but the willfully blind can see, that never since the disruption of the Union were the fortunes of the North at a lower ebb than at this moment."

The *Daily News* quotes from New York papers of about the same date as this letter, showing a perfect appreciation of the position of affairs, with no effort to disguise it, and then asks: "What do our readers think of a gentleman who is capable of sending home, to be read by tens of thousands of his countrymen, reports which stand in such relations to the facts as we see here? What but that they are sent home for a purpose very different from that of enlightening the mind of England? And it is of such material that public opinion is made.

"It is supposed to be for the advantage of the public that the accredited correspondent of a newspaper should be unnamed. The New York newspapers, however, lately contained a letter in which Dr. Charles Mackay, late of London, announced himself as the correspondent of our contemporary in that capital. Some of our readers who remember Dr. Mackay as the poet of 'The Good Time Coming' may be surprised to find him working in the interest of the slave-owner, especially as, in his own touching words, 'The great cause of Human Progress has required, at every period of the world, the support of earnest and thinking men.' Could it have been the rise of the Slave Power he was thinking of when, sixteen years ago, he sang, joyously,

> There's a fount about to stream,
> There's a light about to beam,
> There's a warmth about to glow,
> There's a flower about to blow.

"No, for the word was then,

> Onward while a wrong remains
> To be conquered by the right;
> While an error clouds the reason,
> Or a sorrow gnaws the heart,
> Or a slave awaits his freedom,
> Action is the wise man's part.

"Then, too, it would have seemed—so we gather from the record—an unworthy occupation to sow the seeds of hatred and strife between the nations, and past errors of that kind were things to be repented of.

> Once we thought it right to foster
> Local jealousy and pride;
> Right to hate another nation
> Parted from us by a tide:
> Old opinions! rags and tatters!
> Get you gone! get you gone!

"Dr. Mackay has told us that in writing such poetry as this he was much encouraged by sympathy and approval from the other side of the Atlantic.* But sixteen years bring reflection and experience. These verses were the inspirations of sentiment. Since he wrote them, Dr. Mackay has been to the land of slavery, and having stood face to face with the hideous monster—having seen at New Orleans men with faces as white as his own bought and sold as slaves—he has become converted to the cause of the South."

RIGHTS AND GUARANTEES.

"If it is true," says Horatio Seymour, "that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

But if the protection of slavery is guaranteed by the terms of the Constitution, it is so in one case only and that expressly mentioned, the return of fugitives held to service under the laws of one State escaping into another. Certainly neither Mr. Seymour nor any other American advocate of human slavery will contend that the protection of a right claimed by any man to a slave is more expressly guaranteed than the protection of the right of the same man to his life. If, then, his rebellion forfeits the constitutional protection of the one right, when it conflicts with the supremacy of the Government, it clearly forfeits the other in the same case, unless his right to his slave be more sacred than that to his life.

The utter absurdity of Mr. Seymour's sophism, therefore, becomes at once evident, upon substitu-

* Heaven forgive us!—LOUNGER.

ting the one right for the other. His proposition would then read thus: "If it is true that life must be taken to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

BRETHREN.

THE meetings and speeches of the gentlemen whom Mr. Daniel S. Dickinson, a tolerable democratic authority, declares to have been the mendicants, office-seekers, and camp-followers of the old Democratic party—crippled Democrats, who have been carried for life in the ambulances of the party and attached to its commissariat—have been the source of so much satisfaction to the rebels that no honest man can doubt that every vote for Mr. Seymour, the candidate of those meetings, will be hailed with true delight by the same "erring brethren."

Mr. John Van Buren, as we have elsewhere said, has been the speaker of chief importance, because he has spoken explicitly. Mr. Seymour has confined himself to generalities, some safe, some not so safe, as he will find. Upon receipt of the speeches the rebel papers burst into a chorus of joy. The letter of General Scott, which was read by Mr. Van Buren, and was aimed in the orator's intention against the fair patriotic fame of Scott, against the Government and the war, in the opinion of the Richmond *Dispatch*, "exalts General Scott from the abyss into which he has been dragged by Seward." Mr. Van Buren meant to give the rebels the aid and comfort of knowing that Scott, at the time of the inauguration, wanted to let them go. He has succeeded. He has delighted the enemies of his country. They break into vehement applause.

The *Dispatch* declares that it appreciates "the superior chivalry and magnanimity of Van Buren and his friends to the Black Republicans," and says that it agrees with him that taking Richmond would not end the war, and therefore does not see why its friend Van Buren suggests taking it.

Meanwhile, will any candid man show the difference of sentiment between the following from the Richmond *Whig* and the speech of Mr. Van Buren, the spokesman of Horatio Seymour?

"Nor, after the sacrifices which the South has suffered at Northern hands," says the *Whig*, "could she ever consent, of her own free-will, to live under the same government with that people."

Mr. John Van Buren, speaking for Mr. Seymour, says: "And if they won't consent, then I know that I am in favor of so amending the Constitution as to let them go, saying to them, in the language of the gallant Scott, 'Wayward sisters, depart in peace!'"

If there is any practical difference between Seymourism, as thus expounded by Mr. Van Buren, and Secessionism, as set forth by the Richmond *Whig*, it can only be discerned by eyes sharp enough to see the decency of reading without authority a private letter to a public meeting.

THE FRUIT OF THE OLIVE.

WHEN Mr. Seymour says that the Union may slide if it can not be saved without abolishing slavery, and when his followers echo, "Amen, let the wayward sisters go!" is it because they are really willing the Union should be dissolved and the Government destroyed forever? Are they totally insensible to the achievement of the Past and the hope of the Future? Do they seriously suppose that a Government like this, a nation like this, with the vast complex system of society that depends upon it, and the enormous interests that are ruined by its destruction, can be broken up by an airy wave of the hand and a flippant farewell? Or is there something behind? Their war policy is peace. But what do they mean by peace?

Suppose their plan should prevail. Suppose there should be an armistice, a negotiation, and a separation. Then, what? The South would be a political unit upon slavery; and, as an independent power, slavery would be its fundamental law, as Mr. Stephens declared. But as the necessity of union among these States is a vital and prime necessity, what would happen at the North? Mr. Seymour and his friends would insist upon that necessity. Having insisted upon disunion for peace, they would clamor for union for peace. The reaction from the war would, under the supposition, have brought them into power. The politics of the North would be simply reconstruction and opposition to it. But reconstruction would be possible only by our consent to slavery in the fundamental law. By the pressure of obvious considerations that consent might be obtained by a majority vote. Then the Union would be re-formed under a Constitution which would not refuse to admit the doctrine which James Madison declared that our Constitution should not admit—the doctrine of property in man.

Nothing but a practical despotism could keep the country quiet under such a Constitution. But the people have learned war and after a brief and delusive lull another rebellion would inevitably break out. The political predominance of the slave power would come into irresistible conflict with the rights of free labor. Troubles, disaster, blood must needs follow. We should be entirely Mexicanized, and either heave in tumultuous revolution indefinitely or sink into abject despotism.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Seymour waves a white handkerchief to the enemies of his country begging them to be conciliated, and while this is a plain picture of the results of Seymourism or dishonorable peace, it is refreshing to read the clear sentences of Mr. Seward's letter to the West New Jersey Baptist Association:

"You may further rest assured that the President is looking for a restoration of peace on no other basis than that of the unconditional acquiescence by the people of all the States in the Constitutional authority of the Federal Government.

"Whatever policy will lead to that result will be pursued: whatever interest shall stand in the way of it will be disregarded."

SECESSION SYMPATHY.

MR. SEYMOUR and his friends prefer not to be called sympathizers with the rebellion. They declare that it is a slander to call them so. Now that many persons may vote for him who really do not wish the Union dissolved is very true. But it will be merely because they do not know his real position. Should any candid man, who expects to vote for Mr. Seymour because he can not see that he sympathizes with the purpose of the rebellion, happen to see this paragraph, let him reflect upon the entire harmony of the views expressed by Mr. Seymour and those of the Richmond *Examiner*.

The *Examiner* says: "As the war originated, and is carried out in great part, for the defense of the slaveholder in his property, rights, *and the perpetuation of the institution*, it is reasonable to suppose that he ought to be first and foremost in aiding and assisting, by every means in his power, the triumph and success of our arms."

Horatio Seymour says: "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then *the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government* which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms."

The war, says the *Examiner*, is made to save slavery. If we can not succeed in the war, says Mr. Seymour, without hurting slavery, we ought to give it up.

When you vote for Mr. Seymour you vote for this doctrine and all its consequences.

AN INSTRUCTIVE FACT.

IT is an instructive fact that all the newspapers in this City and State which were presented by the Grand Jury as dangerous to the peace of the country—which were in danger of suppression by the authorities for aiding the rebellion—which were compelled by the indignant people to show some outward sign of loyalty and obedience to the best Government ever established among men—and which have continued in every way to paralyze the hand of the authorities in striking the rebellion to the heart—are the most strenuous supporters of Mr. Seymour and the most malignant defamers of General Wadsworth. All these papers are for a vigorous submission of the Government to the rebels. Were their power equal to their will, they would throw the loyal masses of the North at the feet of the rebellion, like a lump of dough, to be moulded into the form that best suits Davis, Wigfall, Toombs, and Slidell.

A BLUNDER AND A TRICK.

IT is a favorite device of swindlers, when they see that they hold a hopelessly losing hand, to throw up the cards and cry out that there is cheating. But more delightfully transparent is the dodge of the political gamblers who are excusing their defeat in advance by declaring that there is danger of violence at the polls.

Violence from whom, please? Violence for what, pray? This State will give Wadsworth an unprecedented majority simply because he represents the Union cause and the support of the Administration, not because he has been a Republican, nor from any party reason whatever. There is not a man who will vote for him but knows that he will vote with the enormous mass of the people. Is any such man likely to do harm to the infrequent voter for Seymour and sympathy with rebellion? No, no; such men are good-natured. They will insist upon protecting the ballot-box that the full glory of the victory may appear.

Who then is to show violence? Is it the meek and lowly Dead Rabbits who are to be oppressed? Is it the representatives of the Subterraneans who fear blows? Is it Mackerelville that dreads a fight? Is it the Coal Hole that trembles? When has there ever been any kind, or hint, or suspicion of serious violence at elections that it has not sprung from these very gentry in whose interest it is now announced that there may be trouble at the polls?

The trick is pleasant but transparent. It is not violence which is feared at the polls, but a minority. It is not the sound of blows, but of ballots, that is so fearful in anticipation. In a word, the destruction of parties in the country is so radical and complete that the political shysters who have held on so stoutly to the last chip of a purely party platform, even when to do so was to give the most open comfort to the rebellion, are now in mortal terror lest their weakness should appear, and are casting about for any excuse to avoid the annihilating result of the election.

Old party issues are gone, and old party names will follow. The organization of each continues, and should continue, for it is a necessary machinery that can be transferred much more easily than reconstructed. While the war lasts the rebellion will be the only grounds upon which parties are possible. By inevitable laws they will be but two: the party of uncompromising, and the party of conditional support of the Government. When the war is over there will be yet further reconstruction of parties upon grounds which may be surmised, but which are not yet reached. The nomination of Mr. Seymour was the most enormous political blunder ever committed in this State. It is to evade the proof of that enormity at the polls that the cry is raised of violence at the election.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BARGAIN.—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

The young lady who promises one gentleman and marries another hasn't "the right ring" about her.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin!"

Jones says he loves two charming girls—Jenny Rosity and Annie Mation.

A good soldier may die, but he "never says die."

NOT AN UNCOMMON INCIDENT.—The lady and gentleman who lately fell in love have fallen out.

ADVICE TO THE UNCLEANLY.—Go to Bath.

A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign? "*He* compel me!" said the lady; "no, nor twenty like him."

"My affairs tend downward," as the oyster said when about to be swallowed.

A lady well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies, away down East, this summer, in the enjoyment of some innocent social play. He carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed, "Begone, Sir! don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized for his seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not mean to insult her. "No?" she replied, archly; "well, if you didn't, you may do it again."

A silk-dyer placed on his sign the following parody on Goldsmith's familiar lines, "When lovely woman stoops to folly:"

"When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain,
What ever made a lady crosser?
What art can wash all white again?
The only art the stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsoiled dress above her
Of proper color, is—*to dye!*"

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

Why is the letter *k* like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.

If a clock were to speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll I ticks.

It was said of a rich miser that he died of great want—the want of more money.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, *keeping close* while we are walking in the sunshine, but *deserting* us the moment we enter the shade.

Why does an engraver suffer less in drowning than other people? Because he is used to *die-sinking*.

The difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse is, that one goes best when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

We should round every day of stirring action with an evening of thought. We learn nothing from our experience unless we muse upon it.

Rank and fashion may be all very fine in time of peace, but rank and file must have precedence of them in time of war.

Authors do not always shine in conversation; although they possess its gold they frequently have not its small change.

SPOUTING WRETCHES.—A pawnbroker's customers.

To terminate a lawsuit speedily is the next best thing to never having commenced it.

A wag has truly said, that if some men could come out of their coffins, and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

A BO'SAN'S MATE.—His wife.

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then putting the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

Can a person speak the truth when he *lies in bed?*

DIRECT FROM BEDLAM.—When is a man most like a bird?—When he's a *raven*.

When is a tooth equal to four roods of land?—When it's an *acre*.

STARTLING PARADOX.—However rich a man may be, by giving away a couple of half-pence, he becomes *penny-less*.

What is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.

What is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?—A fountain.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE SIGHT.—Eyes in glass.

THE BEST WAY OF PRESERVING MEAT.—Invite none but vegetarians to dine with you.

"Too much of a good thing," as the kitten said when she fell into the milk-pail.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

A good many men are in the best health when they are out of *spirits*.

"I'll put that in my trunk," as the elephant observed to the orange.

A public writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's method—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.

What is that which is ever before us, can never be seen, and yet all are looking toward it? To-morrow.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies in a man in the honey-moon.

"What is the best attitude for self-defense?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

What is that which makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candle out.

The charities of a good many rich people seem altogether indispensable.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN moved his head-quarters on 27th to the Virginia side of the Potomac. At daylight on 26th General Pleasanton's cavalry crossed the river at Berlin and pushed on to Lovettsville, in the direction of Leesburg, which point he was supposed to have occupied immediately. General Burnside followed with his corps, and took up a position near Lovettsville. No battle appears to have occurred. Up to the evening of 27th every thing was quiet. General Pleasanton was said to be within a few hours' march of the rebel Longstreet's forces.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT PEA RIDGE.

The following dispatch has been published:

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *Oct.* 25, 1862.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

Our arms are entirely successful again in Northwest Arkansas.

General Schofield, finding that the enemy had camped at Pea Ridge, sent General Blunt with the First Division westward, and moved toward Huntsville with the rest of his forces.

General Blunt, by making a hard night's march, reached and attacked the rebel force at Maysville, near the northwest corner of Arkansas, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 22d inst.

The enemy were estimated at from five to seven thousand strong.

The engagement lasted about an hour, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, with the loss of all his artillery—a battery of 6-pounders—a large number of horses, and a portion of their transportation and garrison equipments.

Our cavalry and light howitzers were still in pursuit of their scattered forces when the messenger left.

Our loss was small.

General Schofield pursued General Hindman beyond Huntsville, coming close upon him, when his forces precipitately fled beyond the Boston Mountain.

All the organized forces of the rebels have thus been driven back to the Valley of the Arkansas River, and the Army of the Frontier has gallantly and successfully accomplished its mission.

S. R. CURTIS, Major-General Commanding.

THE REBEL FAILURE IN KENTUCKY.

The Richmond papers admit the complete failure of General Bragg to accomplish any thing in Kentucky. The *Whig* says that his attempt was "a complete fizzle" Thus by rebel authorities themselves the utter defeat of two of their generals—Van Dorn in Mississippi and Bragg in Kentucky—is acknowledged.

BATTLE NEAR CHARLESTON.

The Richmond *Dispatch* has an official report from General Beauregard announcing an attack by the Union troops on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad at Coosawatchie and Pocotaligo, on 22d, and were "gallantly repulsed" by the rebel forces. The enemy, he says, had come in thirteen transports and gun-boats. The Charleston Railroad is uninjured. The "abolitionists" left their dead and wounded on the field.

BATTLE AT WAVERLEY.

A desperate fight took place at Waverley, in Tennessee, on 23d. It appears that a rebel force 800 strong attacked a party of 200 Union troops at that place, which is located about twenty miles southwest of Fort Donelson. After a severe fight our men, though greatly inferior in numbers, completely routed the enemy, killing twenty-four and capturing twenty-five of them.

GALVESTON TAKEN.

The city of Galveston, Texas, has been evacuated by the rebels, and was occupied by our troops on the 5th instant.

CONDITION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

Governor Vance, of North Carolina, makes a pathetic appeal to the generosity of the people to assist in clothing the rebel soldiers before the winter sets in. He describes them as already suffering from want of socks, shoes, and blankets. He calls upon the farmers who are tanning hides to supply the shoes, the mothers of North Carolina to knit the socks, and the wealthy to give their parlor carpets for blankets.

AN IMPORTANT SIGN.

Brigadier-General Edwin Price, son of Major-General Price, of the Confederate army, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. He was captured near Warsaw, Missouri, last winter, and since that time has been on parole. He was recently exchanged for General Prentiss, and after visiting the rebel camp at Granada, Mississippi, returned to St. Louis. He gives it as his opinion that the rebellion is nearly broken, and that the Confederate army can exist but a short time longer. He visited General Curtis's head-quarters and immediately on his return resigned his position under the Richmond government, and gave his commission to Gen. Curtis for the latter to send through the lines. After subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he announced his determination to observe it in both letter and spirit.

THE DRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Some little difficulty occurred in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, the great coal district, last week, in consequence of the draft. An immense force of miners turned out in arms of various kinds to resist the draft, and for a time created much disturbance. At last accounts, however, the trouble was adjusted, and the resistant miners had resumed work.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY PAPER IN NEW ORLEANS.

A thoroughly Anti-Slavery paper, in the French language, has just been started in New Orleans. It is called *L'Union*, and addresses itself, in particular, to the French people of color, to whom it appeals, in stirring articles, to join the Union troops and aid them in the establishment of a "Republican system without stain, of a democracy without fetters." The first number reproduces a letter addressed two years ago by Victor Hugo to a Haytian poet.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE IN FAVOR OF NEUTRALITY.

IN a recent speech at Newcastle Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:

"I must confess, for reasons that I need not now explain, that I do not think that England has had any interest in the disruption of that Union; my own private opinion is that it was rather the interest of England that the Union should continue. I know that it is not an opinion generally shared; but at any rate, gentlemen, whatever view we may take of that, I think we all feel that the course which her Majesty's Ministers have endeavored to pursue—namely, that of maintaining a strict neutrality under all circumstances that have heretofore passed—has been a right course, and has been the expression of the general sense of the community.

BUT HE IS SURE THE SOUTH WILL WIN.

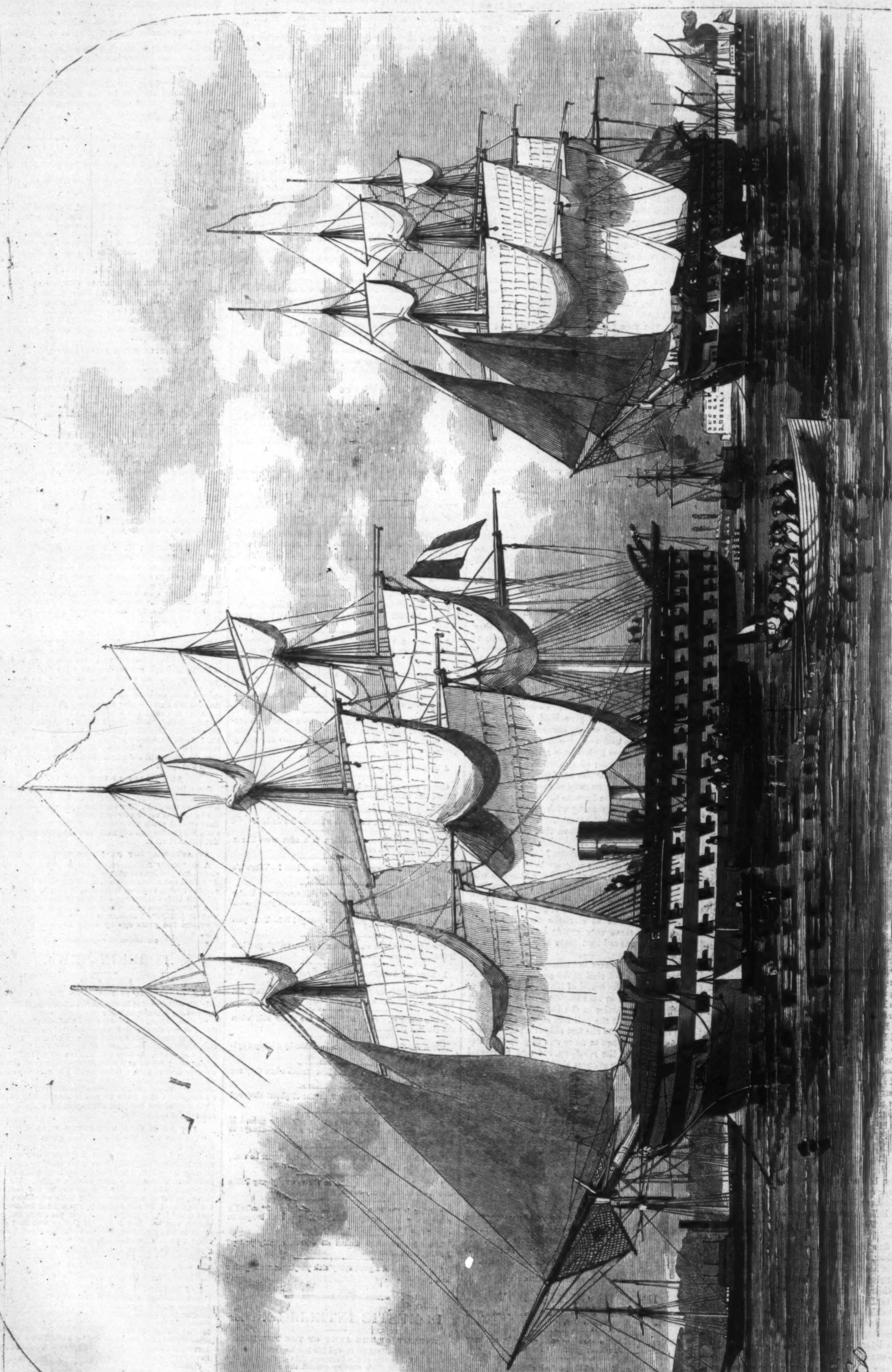
"We may have our own opinions about Slavery—we may be for the South or against the South; but there is no doubt, I think, about this: Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South have made an army—they are making, it appears, a navy—and they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation. We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards effecting their separation from the North. I, for my own part, can not but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be. But it is from feeling that that great event is likely to arise, and that the North will have to suffer that mortification, that I earnestly hope that England will do nothing to inflict additional shame, sorrow, or pain upon those who have already suffered much, and who will probably have to suffer more."

OTHER OPINIONS.

Sir John Pakington asserted, in Worcestershire, that the time had arrived when her Majesty's Government, in conjunction with the governments of other countries, ought to offer to mediate between the Northern and Southern States of America, on the basis of a separation of the contending sections of the republic, and with a clear understanding that the non-success of such an effort to stay the horrors of the civil war would be followed immediately by the recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

Equally strong views have been expressed by Mr. Locke King and Mr. Alcock, members for East Surrey.

Sir E. B. Lytton, in the course of his speech said: "No dispassionate by-stander can believe that the Union will be restored, and no far-sighted politician can suppose that the curse of slavery will long survive the separation, of which it is the most ostensible, though it is neither the only nor perhaps the most powerful cause."



Lavosier. Massena. French Gun-boat. Princess di Austria. English Gun-boat.

THE FOREIGN MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.—[See next Page.]

FOREIGN MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.

WE publish on page 708 a picture containing portraits of several foreign men-of-war which lay in our harbor last week. Foremost in the group is the old *Massena*, a French 90-gun ship, built to sail, but afterward improved by the addition of a screw. As our picture shows, she is a survivor of a species which is rapidly becoming extinct. The captain of one of our new *Monitors* could ask no better mark to fire at than the huge bulk of such a monster. The *Princesa di Austria*, a Spanish frigate, carrying 54 guns, occupies a prominent place in the harbor, and likewise in our picture. She is a fine, handsome vessel, though ill-adapted for modern iron-clad warfare. Other French and English craft complete the picture. While the British have been driving our men-of-war to sea without coal and without repairs, this and every other harbor of the United States have been open to Englishmen, and their every want has been supplied. A day may come, perhaps, when they may regret that they did not treat our ships with equal hospitality.

The pictures we are publishing from time to time representing foreign fleets will by-and-by possess a historical and antiquarian interest. The time is fast approaching when no more wooden men-of-war will be built, and possibly no more men-of-war with masts and in the old style of naval architecture. If the new *Monitors* fulfill their design, and prove not only capable of standing hard knocks but of sailing across the ocean, a fleet of men-of-war in the next generation will resemble a crowd of "cheese-boxes on a raft." Perhaps, by that time, our taste may be educated to consider them as beautiful as we now deem our present models of naval architecture.

MRS. LINCOLN.

WE publish herewith a portrait of Mrs. LINCOLN, wife of the President of the United States, from a photograph by Brady.

Mrs. Lincoln is a native of Kentucky. Her maiden name was Tod. She has a large number of brothers and sisters, who, like so many other families, have been divided in their allegiance by the war. Two of her brothers entered the rebel army, and one was lately killed at a battle in the Southwest. One of these two was for some time employed at Richmond as jailer of the Union prisoners. His brutality and cruelty were such, however, that Jefferson Davis finally removed him from the post, and sent him to join his regiment. Another brother is in the employ of the United States Government in one of the Northwestern Territories. Mrs. Lincoln's sisters are understood to sympathize rather with the rebels than with the Government. It is probably this division of sentiment which has given rise to the gossip and scandal respecting the views of the lady who presides over the White House.

Mrs. Lincoln has lately been spending some time in this city, and has been serenaded and visited by many of our leading citizens.

MRS. LINCOLN, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LOVES OF OLD LADIES.

THE romance of old ladies' love affairs has yet to be written. They are not a very attractive subject; for no reader could elicit from the perusal of them any thing in the nature of a day-dream. But they would be inadequately described by the name of friendship. They are, of course, platonic, and do not necessarily involve a male object. But they are so extravagant and so foolish that the language used to describe them must be borrowed from the vocabulary of the tender passions. Using the word in this qualified sense, the love-making of old ladies may be divided into three classes, according to the objects of their passion. Under which class they range themselves depends very much upon the subjects to which their minds have been previously turned. The most respectable type of the species, the devout old lady, of course falls in love with her clergyman. Nothing could be better and more suitable in every way than such a choice, if only it were requited. There is that analogy of tastes and modes of action and logical processes which guarantees the most perfect compatibility of temper. And the old lady who is in love with the clergyman, and has become—quite, of course, in a proper way—a kind of tame cat about the Rectory-house, is so extremely useful for a number of small parochial jobs. She presides over the Dorcas Association, and makes ladies' society at the dinner which follows the clerical meeting, gives tea and cake to the National School, and makes her fashionable daughters teach there. The only drawback to her position is that the clergyman too often does not reciprocate her attachment. The clergy, as a body, prefer lambs to ewes. Old ladies have no experiences; or at least, if they have, they do not like to tell them for fear of a lecture from their husbands. Besides, they have acquired a hard, bold, prosaic view of men and things. The charming doubts, the sweet despairs, the soft metaphysics, and gentle casuistry, applied invariably to the elucidation of one privileged set of feelings—these are the things which make the spiritual consolation of blushing eighteen so very eligible an occupation. But in wrinkled sixty they are sadly wanting. And the clergy, though soaring far too high above human frailty to be conscious of the difference, still do, as a matter of fact, show an ardor in the ministry of their pastoral attentions in the one case, which is sensibly slackened in the other. It may be that they desire to economize their labor, and reflect that the young lady will some day become an old woman, and therefore have a double title to their care. Or it may be that they only desire to snatch her away from the prowling guardsman, who will convert her into a hardened married woman, and clog her soul with the worldly impediments of nursery governesses and household bills. With the sense of this danger strong upon their minds, they naturally feel a temptation to turn aside from the old lady, who is happily not exposed to it, in order to succor those who are in real jeopardy. But, whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains one of the special crosses of the class of old ladies who fall in love with their clergymen.

Far happier are those who select their doctors as the objects of the innocent *tendresse* of their declining years. The clergyman and the doctor stand in a different position to each other in this respect. The clergyman is moved to pay attention to those who are under his charge solely by a sense of duty; whereas the doctor is animated by a desire of fees. Now it is found in practice that the sense of duty invariably prefers the young ladies, while the desire of fees is attracted toward those whose age is likely to predispose to a lavish expenditure in that direction. The old lady, therefore, who values her peace of mind, and who does not wish to meet with any humiliating coldness, will, if she is prudent, turn the current of her affections upon the family doctor. It is his business to make himself agreeable, especially to people who are likely to be ill; he never refuses to come when he is sent for, and there is no fear that he will ever look upon invitations as importunate; and as a walking repertory of gossip the world can not show his rival. Moreover, it is the best thing she can do for her family. Old ladies ought on every account to be encouraged to be fond of their doctors; for if they are proof against that tender passion, they almost invariably do a little doctoring on their own account. Such an inmate is one of the most terrible afflictions that can befall a family. Few messengers of death are more unerring than the science of medicine after it has been subjected to the mysterious processes of the anile mind. Even in the administration of medicine, a woman's intellect appears to be incapable of vigorous impartiality. As she contemplates her medicine-chest, she has her favorites and her antipathies, and will no more believe harm of the one and good of the other than if they lived and moved in virile form. She looks on all drugs as rival suitors for her favor; and she selects one, and clings to him, for better for werse, with true womanly loyalty. The cause of her preference is often obscure. She may have fallen in love with calomel at first sight, or antimony may have become endeared to her by a long series of well-remembered cures. But whatever its claim to her fidelity, no subsequent maltreatment or misbehavior on its part can alienate her affections from the drug of her choice. And she is not satisfied with her own adoration of it. She likes it to be appreciated. She insists that every one within the range of her influence shall acknowledge its merits too. In past times this evil was less than it is now. The lady of the house always had her pet remedy, which she delighted to administer to sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants, and—hardest case of all—to the strangers within her gates. But then it was some traditional prescription of simple herbs, from which the most important ingredient had probably fallen out by accident. But the general use of powerful medicines has changed the state of the case. Wielding her blue-pill, or her morphia, the old lady-doctor has become a fearful engine of destruction. And she can only be disarmed by raising her mind from the medicine-chest to the doctor, and inspiring her with an attachment to the compounder of blue-pill to which her fondness even for blue-pills itself shall give way. Whenever a lady, advanced in years, is detected in clandestine visits to her medicine-chest, her family should lose no time in getting a fascinating doctor into the neighborhood. It is their only chance of life.

Both these types of the loves of old ladies have their advantages, and, for the sake of avoiding worse, should be rather encouraged than checked. But there is one that has no redeeming point. Sometimes an old lady takes it into her head to conceive a passionate attachment for her servants. Generally it is one particular pet who is specially favored; for diffusive charity is foreign to the female breast, in the matter of domestics as well as drugs. If the favorite be a woman-servant the consequences are very serious. Being perfect, as all ladies' favorites are as a matter of course, she is assumed to possess the virtue of perfect discretion; and under that assumption receives a full account of all family and other secrets in strict confidence, and in strict confidence she imparts it to the other favorites at the other houses in the neighborhood. Old ladies of this type are very much addicted to a style of conversation with the favorite which they call "hearing what So-and-So has got to say," but which really consists in their pouring out their own hearts to So-and-So without reserve. By a confusion of the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego* for which a German philosopher might possibly account, the impression which half an hour's uninterrupted stream of their own garrulity leaves upon their memories is that they have been quite silent, and have been receiving a great deal of valuable information. When the favorite is a man-servant the case is less serious for the family, but worse for the object of her attachment. It does not show itself by any of the ordinary signs. She does not seek his conversation or appreciate his society—rather the reverse. It takes the form of an insane fear of overworking him. The sight of any one pulling the bell affects her, as if her own tooth was fastened to the wire. She contrives excuses for not going in the carriage, lest he should have to go out. She renounces society, and forces her unsympathizing family to renounce it too, lest he should be out late at night. She throws the males of her family into a state bordering on insanity by substituting heavy teas for dinners, that he may not have to wait. But the mark by which she may be known is the air of unspeakable discomfort which pervades her home on Sundays—a combination of the Turkish Ramadan with the Roman Catholic Good Friday—which is the result of her ingenious contrivances to enable him to have his Sunday to himself. And all the while she is doing her best to ruin him, body and soul,

JOHN W. PACKHAM, THE YOUNGEST CORPORAL IN THE ARMY.

A YOUNG HERO.

On this page we publish the portrait of a young hero, JOHN W. PACKHAM, THE YOUNGEST CORPORAL IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY. The following letter will explain why we give his likeness at this time:

"KANAWHA RIVER, *September* 30, 1862.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Herewith I send you a likeness of the little hero of Company F, 34th Regiment Ohio First Zouaves, and youngest Corporal in the United States Army. He deserves honorable mention for his bravery in refusing to go over to the rebels when threatened with death if he did not comply.

"The incident was as follows: John W. Packham, aged thirteen, regimental marker, and son of Lieutenant Albany Packham, of the 34th Regiment Ohio First Zouaves, was sent on in the rear of the ambulances, from Fayetteville to Gauley River; but upon turning the hill, about five hundred yards from the camp, they came upon two thousand rebels in the woods. A number came to the opening, and one called to our little hero (he being the only one with the ambulances in a Zouave uniform) and said, 'You little red-top devil, come over here, or I'll kill you.' He answered, 'No, I can't come!' Again and again they called to him. One finally stepped forward a few paces, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and said, 'You little fool, come over; we won't hurt you; we want to talk to you.' The little hero still refusing, the rebel fired, the ball striking and shattering his right knee. The rebels then opened a murderous fire into our sick in the ambulances, killing and wounding thirty-two who were lying therein. That rebel volley brought down the Zouaves, and the battle of Fayetteville commenced. Your artist was near the breast-works, coolly sketching the combatants at that point.

"The little hero is now in the hospital at Gallipolis, doing well under the kind nursing of the ladies, who bring him all the delicacies of the season.

"Yours respectfully, C——."

UNION JACK, THE PET OF OUR RICHMOND PRISONERS.

"UNION JACK,"

THE PET OF OUR RICHMOND PRISONERS.

THE poetic incidents of this war would fill many an interesting volume could they be collected by some able hand; and it would appear that it is not man alone who is being roused to deeds of heroism, but that even the brute creation are catching the contagion.

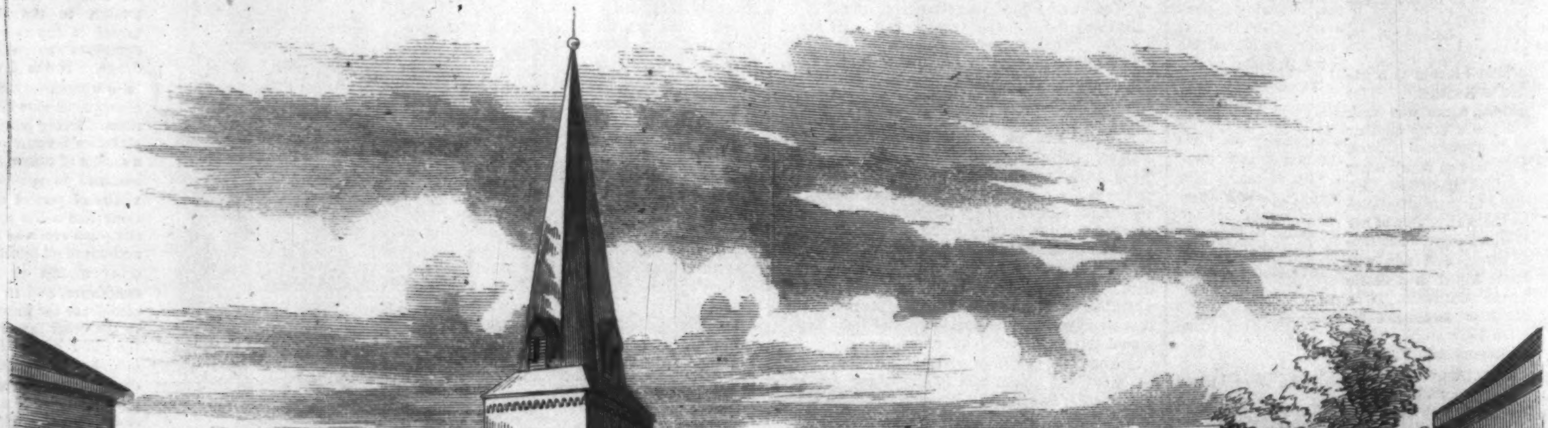
The distinguished individual who forms the subject of this brief memoir, and whose portrait graces our present number, is the already-famous "UNION JACK," or "JACK"—as he is more briefly and familiarly called among his friends. We are not aware of Jack's entertaining any ambitious desire of being promoted to the rank of a Brigadier-General, nor have we heard of any intention, on his part, to get up a grand bow-wowing demonstration in any of our crowded theatres; but this excessive modesty should not induce us to hide his merits. Although walking upon four legs, he has exhibited far more courage, devotion, trust-worthiness, and other noble human qualities—indeed done more actual good to our army—than many a shoulder-strapped and gold-bedizened animal now walking upon two legs.

The writer of this sketch first had the honor of becoming acquainted with Jack at Fortress Monroe, on the interesting occasion of the arrival there of our liberated prisoners from Richmond—some 160 officers—on the 19th of August last. He seemed to belong to nobody in particular, but followed these officers every where about the Hygeia Hotel, receiving such caresses and marks of deep affection from every officer that we were tempted to inquire into his history.

He is a young dog of the mastiff breed, of medium size and jetty blackness, except a white breast and a dash of white on each of his four paws. His manners are very gentle and even timid among his friends, but he is suspicious and fierce as a lion when among his enemies. Although born in Secessia, and breathing constantly the air of treason, he is intensely loyal to the Union, and betrays a hatred of any thing in the shape of a rebel, which many of our "conservative" and "neutral" loyalists in the North would do well to imitate.

Jack originally belonged to a rebel jailer in Front Royal, Virginia, when Company F and I of the First Maryland regiment were there on provost guard duty. When Jackson made an advance upon the place, these companies fell back to join their regiment in repelling him, and, after a severe action, were surrounded by Jackson, taken prisoners, and brought back to Front Royal. It was on this occasion that Jack's great military, loyal, and social qualities were first brought into conspicuous display.

When Companies F and I left Front Royal to take the field, Jack insisted upon accompanying them, in spite of all his master's efforts to detain him. He proceeded with them to the battle-field—keeping company with the officers as he went along—and his first exploit was trying hard to unearth a cannon-ball which he had seen bury itself near him. Presently the shells began to scream and burst in the air all around him. When Jack saw them coming, instead of running to hide himself—



RECEPTION OF THE NINTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS AT DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, AFTER DRIVING OUT THE REBELS.—DRAWN BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 715.]

as it is said many a blustering bully does—he ran barking after the fragments and trying to catch them; thinking, no doubt, that it was some pyrotechnic display got up for his especial amusement.

This settled the question of Jack's bravery, and from this time forward he seemed to form an affection for our officers, and they for him, which nothing could alter, and he has accompanied them through all their vicissitudes and changes of prison to Richmond.

The stories told of this dog's sagacity and devotion would seem incredulous had they not come from the most varied and reliable sources. On the road, when our parched men were fainting from thirst, he would always run forward, and whenever he discovered a pool of water would rush back, barking loudly, to tell them of it. When they were supplied with only *five crackers to each man for five days*—with no meat—and our poor fellows were literally dying from starvation, this noble animal has been known to *go and catch chickens for them and to bring them in his mouth!* or he would waylay every rebel horse or wagon passing with food, and bark imploringly for them to bring relief. On one occasion, when a sick and exhausted Union soldier had been left behind, Jack staid with him for several hours until a wagon took him up.

But one of the most remarkable features in his character is his utter hatred of the rebels. His actions, in this respect, really seemed to go beyond brute instinct. No kindness, no attempt at caressing could get the "gray-coats" to win him over or even induce him to take food from them; but he growled and snapped at them upon all occasions, until many threatened to shoot him. When they got to the Richmond prison, another large dog was there being fondled by a secesh officer, and Jack stood looking at both, apparently with the greatest hatred and disgust. When the officer left, the secesh dog tried to scrape an acquaintance with Jack, but the latter did not covet any such friendship. He rushed upon the canine rebel, gave him a sound thrashing, and, although larger than himself, fairly tossed him over his head.

Jack is a great disciplinarian. When on duty, he knows the various roll-calls so well that he pays no attention to any of them but one—that of his officers. As soon as he heard this, he used to run about in the greatest excitement, as if to call his friends together, and then, placing himself alongside of the drummer, would put up his nose and commence a long howl—the boys used to say answering to his name. In traveling he seemed to take the whole responsibility upon himself. Whenever the cars stopped he was invariably the first to jump off, and the whistle no sooner sounded than he was the first to jump on again.

But no character is perfect, and we are sorry to say there is a serious blemish in Jack's. He is an *aristocrat* of the first water; one of the regular out-and-out F.F.V.'s. From first to last—except to help them when in distress—he never would associate with privates, but always stuck fast to where the shoulder-straps were assembled. But, after all, in this respect poor Jack is only following the example of many a human toady and tuft-hunter that can be called to mind; and before we blame this young puppy for cringing to the rich and great, let us remember that he is not the only puppy who does so.

Upon the whole, Jack is an immense favorite with all who know him, but especially the First Maryland regiment, who claim him as their own, and who were tickled at the idea of seeing him handed down to immortality in the pages of *Harper*. They expressed a determination of having, as soon as they got to Baltimore, a splendid collar made expressly for their favorite; and we shall be surprised if this lucky dog does not become a great lion in the monumental city.

LOIS.

LILY likeness! That is all the word in our cool dictionary that will tell you any thing of Lois Hall; though, to be business-like, I should commence with the cottage, standing on a little brownish rise, with a faint flower-garden, and an ineffectual vegetable patch, from which you are to infer that the soil was stubborn, and likely to prove too much for the little hired boy—sole scrap of masculinity about the premises of Mrs. Hall; and that the only neighbor was the sea, tumbling in disorderly fashion on the desolate beach below them.

Lois's room looked on it, out of one little white-curtained window; the other kept itself informed as to the state of the country, and the probabilities of visitors coming "across-lots." Between them stood a bureau, whose drawers had been rifled by Tory marauders, troubled with an eruption of brass knobs and handles, having a swinging oval mirror, and a small infinity of little drawers, where, doubtless, some belle of the Revolution bestowed her powder and patches, her buckles and ruffles. In a corner was the bed, modeled, as to proportions, after that of the unlucky Canaanitish king of old—one which made getting in peculiar and getting out problematical, and offered you your choice of locality, if you had any fancies about your head and particular points of the compass; grimly carved, and unrelenting, even over Lois, asleep there, her brown hair falling all over the pillow, and a little hand clutching painfully at the coverlet. Lazy child! waking, half an hour after the usual time, with a start and troubled eyes.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," murmured Lois, as she knelt down to pray. "Does the Father of Lies send such dreams?"

I have said that "lily-likeness" was the only word for Lois, yet I wish that I could better define her peculiar charm. Other girls had hair as soft and abundant, brighter color, for Lois was pale, form as lithe; neither was there strength or lofty purpose in the lines of her face: yet she took you always by surprise; she was just what you had not expected to see. Then, too, lived a peculiar charm in Lois's touch; every thing that had been near her blabbed of its happiness: the little collar lying across the toilet cushion; the velvet bow that John Gifford had taken from her hair and kissed the night before he went to join his regiment.

She was thinking now of it and him. When he came back she was to marry him; she had loved—no, not that—she had liked him all her life, from the time that he fought her battles at school till now. He was the son of their nearest neighbor; was taller, stronger, better-looking, kinder, braver, than any one else. It was quite natural. She had been more proud than grieved when he went away, and always calmly certain that he would come back safe, only her dream troubled her. It had been of him, and all pain and confusion; and I doubt if she quite recovered serenity till, on her way down, she had looked out on the piazza, and breathed in the morning peace and freshness before entering the "sitting-room," as it is styled in New England nomenclature.

Her mother turned from the window with a face brighter than the sun pouring in between the muslin curtains, leaving for Lois's view a tall figure with a lieutenant's strap on his broad shoulders, and a face that, however browned and altered by the shading of a mustache and cutting short of curling hair, was still John Gifford's.

Lois stopped short in utter wonder. Her mother quietly stepped from the room, closing the door behind her.

"Well, Apple-blossom!" cried John, "I am not a ghost, you see!"

At sound of the voice Lois remembered herself, and went quickly to him, holding out both hands.

"So it is really you! I am not half awake yet! I thought you were part of my dream. How you have changed!"

"You have not!" said the admiring John. Then suddenly catching her close in his strong arms:

"Oh, Lois, Lois! how can you? Is this your girl's nonsense, or does your still heart really know nothing of what is going on in mine? Child, I have lived in the thought of you as we ought to live to God. Why, I have stopped when the battle was at the maddest to make sure that that bit of ribbon of yours was safe, warming my heart; and all the hateful time in the hospital I had but one prayer, 'O God, come what will, let me see my little Lois again!'—while you—you are so coldly sweet."

Lois looked puzzled and distressed.

"Why I am very glad to see you, dear John, only it is so sudden, and so strange. Did you come last night? I heard nothing of it."

"We made noise enough," holding her fast, and stroking her lovely brown hair.

"We? Who?"

"I have some one with me—Captain Dinwiddie; he is a splendid fellow, got a bad hit in that last affair of ours, and I brought him here for you and mother to nurse up. He hasn't a near relative in the world, and these hotels are so deuced hard on a poor fellow that is half sick and in a hurry to get well."

Lois clouded at once.

"You know I don't like strangers, John."

But, my darling, this is my friend. He saved my life. When we were ordered on our final rush across that confounded slaughter trap of a field, my leg met a ball, and in the thickest of the fight down I went like a baby. Allan—that's the Captain, you understand—saw me tumble, sung out to some of the men, and came on, our fellows say, like a tiger, pitched into half a dozen rebels so they thought the very devil was after them, picked me up (he is not a stout man, but he took nearly all my weight himself), fairly carried me off under the very nose of the battery blazing away at us like Vesuvius or some of those fellows. Is that a stranger! We've stuck together like David and Jonathan. I don't believe there has been a skirmish, or a ticklish reconnoissance, or a hard camping out, that we haven't shared together; and then, Lois," argues this impetuous John, calming a little, "if I took him home you know what the girls are. They couldn't nurse him or talk to him as you can, and your mother is willing. What do you suppose she said last night, bless her!—that she would take a regiment in if they were friends of mine;" and John burst into a somewhat forced laugh, by way of contradicting his eyes.

"This Captain must be a hero. I should like to see him," thought Lois; for John never could enter in her imagination even as candidate for that distinction. He was blundering about women's matters, and not always kind to the queen's English—things impossible to reconcile with heroship.

"Well, pussy?" asked John, a little anxiously.

Born to be hen-pecked was our John evidently, but then so was the Duke of Marlborough.

"I was wrong. I am glad you brought Captain Dinwiddie here," answered Lois, quietly.

The door opened. "He is coming!" whispered John, still trying to hold her fast, but she slipped away from him like snow, and stood expectant. The first look was a disappointment.

Captain Dinwiddie was thirty at least, probably thirty-five, and looked to Lois's inexperienced eyes slightly made. His features were irregular, his only beauty a pair of fine eyes, normally gray, but changing perpetually to blue and even intensest black, and almost feminine softness—owing doubtless to the remarkable length of the lashes, yet interpenetrated every tone and look, that "charm" as subtle and impossible to define when found in man as in woman—and Lois, who had recoiled at first, caught herself, before ten minutes were well over, liking him very much. Came simultaneously with this admission an oppressing sense of being ill at ease, of every thing looking its worst, of John's boorishness, of the mortifying plainness of their housekeeping. Engaged in this profitable thinking, she could hardly have told whether she had eaten breakfast or not. John, however, at the zenith of his happiness, read nothing of this in Lois's downcast face. He was busy with his plans for the day.

"He must make his peace at home," he said, laughingly, "and Lois he dared say would entertain Captain Dinwiddie;" at which Lois held her peace, but inwardly fell into consternation, for what had she in common with this fine Captain? So terrified was she at the thought, that she even came out of her shell of coolness, and eagerly whispered John to stay, holding his coat by one white finger and blushing very much. John wouldn't have given that timid touch for the diamonds of Sinbad; yet there was the fact of mother and sisters unvisited, stubborn as ever, leaving him nothing but to ride away after all.

Lois sat down by her little work-basket with a strip of muslin. Doubtless its hemming was of vital importance, for if it had been the bond of peace or the ties of affection she couldn't have given it more undivided attention. Allan drew up the lounge close by her.

"May I lie down? I have gotten used to self-petting since this troublesome wound."

Lois looked up at him. She had not thought how really pale and suffering he seemed. He "certainly" took a new inflection, for now that she knew what to do with him and could pity him he had lost at once all his terrors.

He lay a while quietly watching her—suddenly broke out,

"It was good in John to bring me here. After our stormy life, you and this little quiet home are veritable Paradise. I think myself there."

Certainly he looked his thought; the hard lines had gone from his face; he might have been ten years younger, but he could never long be quiet. He fidgeted, turned form side to side, drew presently a book from his pocket.

"Lois—I beg pardon, Miss Hall—I am so used to hear John speak of you by that pretty Puritan name of yours."

"Every one calls me so, you need not make the exception."

"Well then, Lois," dwelling lovingly on the word, "let me read to you;" and without waiting for assent, he began the story of Enid.

Lois listened pleased at first, but half way her lips began to curl.

"You don't like it?" he asked, curiously.

"The telling, but not the story."

"You wouldn't so have ridden with the man you loved?"

Lois's eyes rather than her lips flashed out "Never!"

"Then you have never—" He stopped short.

"Never what?"

"Nothing."

"What were you about to say?"

"I have thought better of it, I shall not tell you."

"Please."

"Positively no," and he went on reading.

John came back late and looking anxious.

"Small benefit would he get from his furlough! Mother was over head and ears in a lawsuit, and every one was in trouble, and he must spend at least three days in town, perhaps more, and try to straighten out the tangled skein."

Lois looked grave on hearing this, but then that was only natural.

John staid not three days but a week; wrote then, postponing his return indefinitely. "If he only had the lawyers in proper position before a certain battery that he wot of, he thought that he could bring them to terms; as it was, submission and patience were all that were left."

That morning Allan's wound had troubled him, and he had spent it on the sofa while Lois sat near with her sewing. When lunch time came she would not permit him to stir, but brought up the old-fashioned stand, that spent most of its time in being very much on one side in a corner, and looking like a target, laid thereon a fresh cloth that scented of rose leaves, a silver basket piled with roasted apples, and a pitcher of a quaint stumpiness and solidity filled with cream. Just then came John's letter. Allan watched her read, or rather hurry over it impatiently.

"He says it may be another week before he comes," was her comment, letting the letter slip through her careless fingers to the floor.

Allan picked it up.

"I have no pocket," said Lois, "and it is too much trouble to go up stairs."

"What shall I do with it?"

"What you like."

"You mean that?"

"Yes; why not?"

Allan's eyes were at their intensest, looking into hers with a glance that she could not bear an instant. He rose deliberately, walked to the fire-place, held it over the coals an instant, and dropped it in. At that Lois, who had been sitting like one petrified, exclaimed,

"Oh, Allan!"

"Well?"

His tone was so sharp that she shrank a little.

"Nothing—there is no harm—I have read it; but oh! John would never believe it!"

Allan groaned.

"I wish I were shriveled up, body and soul, like that!" pointing to the black film quivering on the coals.

"Oh no! not without me!" cried the girl who a week before smiled her scorn of Enid's tame constancy.

Allan turned and came hastily toward her—stopped half way—ground out a bitter exclamation, and left the room; and a little after Lois saw him galloping past the window on his way to town. He came back late and went at once to his room. The next day he frequented the kitchen, to Mrs. Hall's discomfiture, and stuck by that lady as though she were his salvation, all the time plainly avoiding Lois. He was fighting Apollyon manfully—fighting as a man will with remorse behind and dishonor in front.

Lois, poor child! understood nothing of this. She had sometimes a dim, painful sense of wrong and danger, but it was forgotten now in the new and overwhelming fear of having in some unimaginable way offended him; and she wearied out memory trying to recall the unhappy word or look that had done this mischief. For the hundredth time she was thinking this over as they were going down to the beach in utter, dreary silence, he with head bent down and lip compressed.

Suddenly the pain grew too intolerable.

"What have I done?" she exclaimed. "Are you angry with me? What is it? You make me so miserable, Allan!"

Captain Dinwiddie shuddered from head to foot, and looked desperately away; but there were the soft, clinging fingers on his arm, and the burning, pitiful face that he had seen with his first unguarded look, and the sudden tremble of the sweet voice, and, above all, the passionate love in his fierce heart; and suddenly honor, conscience, will, whatever chains had bound him, snapped short. Words came like lava:

"Angry, and at you, my darling! my own—" He stopped sharply. They were close on the beach. "Watch that wave," he said, hoarsely. "If it break against this rock it is fate. If not—well, we shall see."

Even as he spoke it was upon them, breaking over the fragment on which they stood, wetting Lois's dainty walking-boots.

"It is fate," he repeated.

"What?"

"I will tell you by-and-by. Let us go back."

The afternoon was a wild one; sun showing fitfully among hurrying clouds, and the wind moaning and shrieking after them as they went up toward the house. Already it was almost dark in the cozy sitting-room, and the fire gleamed and smouldered in twilight fashion. The house was deserted. Kitty had leave of absence; Mrs. Hall had gone to a neighbor's. No better time for Allan Dinwiddie than now. He caught Lois's hand and drew her down beside him.

"Lois," he said, "when, in place of the apple-cheeked, black-eyed girl I had imagined, I first saw you, I said to myself, this poor, blundering John has stumbled on the pearl that I have been uselessly looking for all my life. When you rebelled against Enid I knew that you had never loved. I had guessed it from the first; you had all the calm of a child. When I burned the letter I tried you; but your words called up John; I fancied him amazed, reproachful, incredulous of my villainy. I hated the thought of my perfidy. Child, what evil spirit was it that sent you to me then, with your pleading eyes—as if I could be angry with you? Then, when I felt what a straw I was in the vortex, I said, let chance decide: if the wave strike the rock I will struggle no more; if not, I will leave this place to-night. Yet, after all, Lois, it is you, not the wave, that must decide. Tell me, dear, what is my verdict? Do you love me?"

Lois hid her face, but Allan drew her hands away and held them; and then, her head drooping lower and lower,

"I thought that I loved John—I did, indeed," she said, pitifully. "I was so ignorant. I never once guessed, though I might have known, why I liked you so. Oh! I am a wicked, wicked girl! I hope John will kill me!"

"You should have known John better," cried some one coming out of the shadow, and showing them John himself.

Lois was too utterly appalled to speak; move she could not, for Allan held her fast.

"There were two men in one city," went on the solemn voice, "the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds. But the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought and nourished up—"

The steady tones faltered. Lois cried out,

"Let me go, Allan!—I will go! I tell you this will kill me!"

She writhed herself free, and going over to John tried to kneel before him, but he held her out at arms'-length.

"Kill me!" she said, faintly.

"For what?—to add crime to sorrow? Oh! Lois, it is bitter enough now! I prayed God that I might see you again, come what would, and He heard me; and rather than have had such seeing I would that my lips had stiffened in death while I was praying."

"It is not worth it," said Lois, half proudly. "I am only a silly girl. Some day you will wonder how you could have cared for me."

John took a little case from his pocket and tossed it open on the table.

"See, Lois, these were for you: you were always running in my head. I think your little finger was more precious in my sight than all the women I ever saw. Fool that I was! all the way home I pleased myself thinking how I should clasp them on your pretty wrists. I hid myself when I saw you coming, thinking to surprise you. I never dreamed that you didn't love me; yet I might have known that you were too young to look into your own heart, or to bind yourself by such a solemn promise. But you—oh Allan! my friend—my brother!"

Allan raised his head.

"If it will be any satisfaction to use me for a target."

"No, no!" cried Lois, hurrying between them, "the blame is mine—all mine."

John turned pale at that. To see her looking at Allan with such love in the eyes that had been so cold for him was more than he could bear.

"It is a sore temptation," he said, hurriedly. "I had better go. If I stay here longer I shall have as many devils as the man whose name was Legion."

He went away, avoiding Mrs. Hall, whom he saw coming at a distance. Lois sobbed hysterically, and Allan, who spite of remorse could not help feeling triumph also, set himself to comfort her—an easier matter that than to explain to Mrs. Hall who loved John almost as well as she did Lois. Still the thing was done—could not be undone. Scandal would not help it, so she sighed in secret, shielded and countenanced them outwardly, above all hastened their marriage as fast as possible.

In her happiness Lois has almost forgotten John's sad, stern face, and the solemn words uttered in the twilight; but will sin forget her?

NEGROES DRIVEN SOUTH BY THE R

E REBEL OFFICERS.—[See Page 718.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. LECOUNT mixed the sal volatile with water, and administered it immediately. The stimulant had its effect. In a few minutes Noel Vanstone was able to raise himself in the chair without assistance: his color changed again for the better, and his breath came and went more freely.

"How do you feel now, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Are you warm again on your left side?"

He paid no attention to that inquiry; his eyes, wandering about the room, turned by chance toward the table. To Mrs. Lecount's surprise, instead of answering her he bent forward in his chair, and looked with staring eyes and pointing hand at the second bottle which she had taken from the cupboard, and which she had hastily laid aside, without paying attention to it. Seeing that some new alarm possessed him, she advanced to the table, and looked where he looked. The labeled side of the bottle was full in view; and there, in the plain handwriting of the chemist at Aldborough, was the one startling word, confronting them both, "Poison."

Even Mrs. Lecount's self-possession was shaken by that discovery. She was not prepared to see her own darkest forebodings—the unacknowledged offspring of her hatred for Magdalen—realized as she saw them realized now. The suicide-despair in which the poison had been procured, the suicide-purpose for which, in distrust of the future, the poison had been kept, had brought with them their own retribution. There the bottle lay, in Magdalen's absence, a false witness of treason which had never entered her mind—treason against her husband's life!

With his hand still mechanically pointing at the table, Noel Vanstone raised his head and looked up at Mrs. Lecount.

"I took it from the cupboard," she said, answering the look. "I took both bottles out together, not knowing which might be the bottle I wanted. I am as much shocked, as much frightened, as you are."

"Poison!" he said to himself, slowly. "Poison locked up by my wife, in the cupboard in her own room." He stopped, and looked at Mrs. Lecount once more. "For *me?*" he asked, in a vacant, inquiring tone.

"We will not talk of it, Sir, until your mind is more at ease," said Mrs. Lecount. "Let us try to forget this dreadful discovery for the present—let us go down stairs at once. All that I have now to say to you can be said in another room."

She helped him to rise from the chair, and took his arm in her own. "It is well for him, it is well for me," she thought, as they went down stairs together, "that I came when I did."

On crossing the passage she stepped to the front door, where the carriage was waiting which had brought her from Dumfries, and instructed the coachman to put up his horses at the nearest inn, and to call again for her in two hours' time. This done she accompanied Noel Vanstone into the sitting-room, stirred up the fire, and placed him before it comfortably in an easy-chair. He sat for a few minutes, warming his hands feebly like an old man, and staring straight into the flame. Then he spoke.

"When the woman came and threatened me in Vauxhall Walk," he began, still staring into the fire, "you came back to the parlor, after she was gone; and you told me—?" He stopped, shivered a little, and lost the thread of his recollections at that point.

"I told you, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, "that the woman was, in my opinion, Miss Vanstone herself. Don't start, Mr. Noel! Your wife is away, and I am here to take care of you! Say to yourself, if you feel frightened, 'Lecount is here; Lecount will take care of me.' The truth must be told, Sir, however hard to bear the truth may be. Miss Magdalen Vanstone was the woman who came to you in disguise; and the woman who came to you in disguise is the woman you have married. The conspiracy which she threatened you with in London is the conspiracy which has made her your wife. That is the plain truth. You have seen the dress up stairs. If that dress had been no longer in existence, I should still have had my proofs to convince you. Thanks to my interview with Mrs. Bygrave, I have discovered the house your wife lodged at in London—it was opposite our house in Vauxhall Walk. I have laid my hand on one of the landlady's daughters, who watched your wife from an inner room and saw her put on the disguise; who can speak to her identity, and to the identity of her companion, Mrs. Bygrave; and who has furnished me, at my own request, with a written statement of facts, which she is ready to affirm on oath, if any person ventures to contradict her. You shall read the statement, Mr. Noel, if you like, when you are fitter to understand it. You shall also read a letter in the handwriting of Miss Garth—who will repeat to you personally, if you like, what she has written to me—a letter formally denying that she was ever in Vauxhall Walk, and formally asserting that those moles on your wife's neck are marks peculiar to Miss Magdalen Vanstone, whom she has known from childhood. I say it with a just pride—you will find no weak place any where in the evidence which I bring you. If Mr. Bygrave had not stolen my letter, you would have had your warning before I was cruelly deceived into going to Zurich; and the proofs which I now bring you after your marriage I should then have offered to you before it. Don't hold me responsible, Sir, for what has happened since I left England. Blame your uncle's bastard daughter, and blame that villain with the brown eye and the green!"

She spoke her last venomous words as slowly and distinctly as she had spoken all the rest. Noel Vanstone made no answer—he still sat cowering over the fire. She looked round into his face. He was crying silently. "I was so fond of her!" said the miserable little creature; "and I thought she was so fond of Me!"

Mrs. Lecount turned her back on him in disdainful silence. "Fond of her!" As she repeated those words to herself her haggard face became almost handsome again in the magnificent intensity of its contempt.

She walked to a book-case at the lower end of the room and began examining the volumes in it. Before she had been long engaged in this way she was startled by the sound of his voice, affrightedly calling her back. The tears were gone from his face: it was blank again with terror when he now turned it toward her.

"Lecount!" he said, holding to her with both hands. "Can an egg be poisoned? I had an egg for breakfast this morning and a little toast."

"Make your mind easy, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "The poison of your wife's deceit is the only poison you have taken yet. If she had resolved already on making you pay the price of your folly with your life, she would not be absent from the house while you were left living in it. Dismiss the thought from your mind. It is the middle of the day; you want refreshment. I have more to say to you in the interests of your own safety—I have something for you to do, which must be done at once. Recruit your strength and you will do it. I will set you the example of eating if you still distrust the food in this house. Are you composed enough to give the servant her orders if I ring the bell? It is necessary to the object I have in view for you, that nobody should think you ill in body, or troubled in mind. Try first with me before the servant comes in. Let us see how you look and speak when you say, "Bring up the lunch.""

After two rehearsals, Mrs. Lecount considered him fit to give the order without betraying himself.

The bell was answered by Louisa—Louisa looked hard at Mrs. Lecount. The luncheon was brought up by the housemaid—the housemaid looked hard at Mrs. Lecount. When luncheon was over, the table was cleared by the cook—the cook looked hard at Mrs. Lecount. The three servants were plainly suspicious that something extraordinary was going on in the house. It was hardly possible to doubt that they had arranged to share among themselves the three opportunities which the service of the table afforded them of entering the room.

The curiosity of which she was the object did not escape the penetration of Mrs. Lecount. "I did well," she thought, "to arm myself in good time with the means of reaching my end. If I let the grass grow under my feet, one or other of those women might get in my way." Roused by this consideration, she produced her traveling-bag from a corner, as soon as the last of the servants had left the room, and seating herself at the end of the table opposite Noel Vanstone, looked at him for a moment with a steady investigating attention. She had carefully regulated the quantity of wine which he had taken at luncheon—she had let him drink exactly enough to fortify without confusing him—and she now examined his face critically, like an artist examining his picture, at the end of the day's work. The result appeared to satisfy her; and she opened the serious business of the interview on the spot.

"Will you look at the written evidence I mentioned to you, Mr. Noel, before I say any more?" she inquired. "Or are you sufficiently persuaded of the truth to proceed at once to the suggestion which I have now to make to you?"

"Let me hear your suggestion," he said, sullenly resting his elbows on the table, and leaning his head on his hands.

Mrs. Lecount took from her traveling-bag the written evidence to which she had just alluded, and carefully placed the papers on one side of him, within easy reach if he wished to refer to them. Far from being daunted, she was visibly encouraged by the ungraciousness of his manner. Her experience of him informed her that the sign was a promising one. On those rare occasions when the little resolution that he possessed was roused in him, it invariably asserted itself—like the resolution of most other weak men—aggressively. At such times in proportion as he was outwardly sullen and discourteous to those about him his resolution rose; and in proportion as he was considerate and polite it fell. The tone of the answer he had just given, and the attitude he assumed at the table, convinced Mrs. Lecount that Spanish wine and Scotch mutton had done their duty, and had rallied his sinking courage.

"I will put the question to you for form's sake, Sir, if you wish it," she proceeded. "But I am already certain, without any question at all, that you have made your will?"

He nodded his head without looking at her.

"You have made it in your wife's favor?"

He nodded again.

"You have left her every thing you possess?"

"No."

Mrs. Lecount looked surprised.

"Did you exercise a reserve toward her, Mr. Noel, of your own accord?" she inquired, "or is it possible that your wife put her own limits to her interest in your will?"

He was uneasily silent—he was plainly ashamed to answer the question. Mrs. Lecount repeated it in a less direct form.

"How much have you left your widow, Mr. Noel, in the event of your death?"

"Eighty thousand pounds."

That reply answered the question. Eighty thousand pounds was exactly the fortune which Michael Vanstone had taken from his brother's orphan children at his brother's death—exactly the fortune of which Michael Vanstone's son had kept possession, in his turn, as pitilessly as his father before him. Noel Vanstone's silence was eloquent of the confession which he was ashamed to make. His doting weakness had, beyond all doubt, placed his whole property at the feet of his wife. And this girl, whose vindictive daring had defied all restraints—this girl, who had not shrunk from her desperate determination even at the church door—had, in the very hour of her triumph, taken part only from the man who would willingly have given all!—had rigorously exacted her father's fortune from him to the last farthing, and had then turned her back on the hand that was tempting her with tens of thousands more! For the moment Mrs. Lecount was fairly silenced by her own surprise; Magdalen had forced the astonishment from her which is akin to admiration, the astonishment which her enmity would fain have refused. She hated Magdalen with a tenfold hatred from that time.

"I have no doubt, Sir," she resumed, after a momentary silence, "that Mrs. Noel gave you excellent reasons why the provision for her at your death should be no more, and no less, than eighty thousand pounds. And, on the other hand, I am equally sure that you, in your innocence of all suspicion, found those reasons conclusive at the time. That time has now gone by. Your eyes are opened, Sir; and you will not fail to remark (as I remark) that the Combe-Raven property happens to reach the same sum exactly as the legacy which your wife's own instructions directed you to leave her. If you are still in any doubt of the motive for which she married you, look in your own will, and there the motive is!"

He raised his head from his hands, and became closely attentive to what she was saying to him for the first time since they had faced each other at the table. The Combe-Raven property had never been classed by itself in his estimation. It had come to him merged in his father's other possessions at his father's death. The discovery which had now opened before him was one to which his ordinary habits of thought, as well as his innocence of suspicion, had hitherto closed his eyes. He said nothing, but he looked less sullenly at Mrs. Lecount. His manner was more ingratiating; the high tide of his courage was already on the ebb.

"Your position, Sir, must be as plain by this time to you as it is to me," said Mrs. Lecount. "There is only one obstacle now left between this woman and the attainment of her end. *That obstacle is your life.* After the discovery we have made up stairs, I leave you to consider for yourself what your life is worth."

At those terrible words the ebbing resolution in him ran out to the last drop. "Don't frighten me!" he pleaded; "I have been frightened enough already." He rose, and dragged his chair after him round the table to Mrs. Lecount's side. He sat down, and caressingly kissed her hand. "You good creature!" he said, in a sinking voice. "You excellent Lecount! Tell me what to do. I'm full of resolution—I'll do any thing to save my life!"

"Have you got writing materials in the room, Sir?" asked Mrs. Lecount. "Will you put them on the table, if you please?"

While the writing materials were in process of collection Mrs. Lecount made a new demand on the resources of her traveling-bag. She took two papers from it, each indorsed in the same neat commercial handwriting. One was described as "Draft for proposed Will;" and the other as "Draft for proposed Letter." When she placed them before her on the table her hand shook a little; and she applied the smelling-salts, which she had brought with her in Noel Vanstone's interests, to her own nostrils.

"I had hoped, when I came here, Mr. Noel," she proceeded, "to have given you more time for consideration than it seems safe to give you now. When you first told me of your wife's absence in London I thought it probable that the object of her journey was to see her sister and Miss Garth. Since the horrible discovery we have made up stairs I am inclined to alter that opinion. Your wife's determination not to tell you who the friends are whom she has gone to see fills me with alarm. She may have accomplices in London—accomplices, for any thing we know to the contrary, in this house. All three of your servants, Sir, have taken the opportunity in turn of coming into the room and looking at me. I don't like their looks! Neither you nor I know what may happen from day to day, or even from hour to hour. If you take my advice you will get the start at once of all possible accidents, and when the carriage comes back you will leave this house with me."

"Yes, yes!" he said, eagerly; "I'll leave the house with you. I wouldn't stop here by myself for any sum of money that could be offered me. What do you want the pen and ink for? Are you to write, or am I?"

"You are to write, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount. "The means taken for promoting your own safety are to be means set in motion, from beginning to end, by yourself. I suggest, Mr. Noel—and you decide. Recognize your own position, Sir. What is your first and foremost necessity? It is plainly this. You must destroy your wife's interest in your death by making another will."

He vehemently nodded his approval; his color rose, and his blinking eyes brightened in malicious triumph. "She sha'n't," he said to himself, in a whisper—"she sha'n't have a farthing!"

"When your will is made, Sir," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, "you must place it in the hands of a trust-worthy person—not my hands, Mr.

"MRS. LECOUNT MOVED WITH IMPENETRABLE DIGNITY FROM THE TABLE TO THE DOOR."

Noel; I am only your servant! Then, when the will is safe, and when you are safe, write to your wife at this house. Tell her her infamous imposture is discovered—tell her you have made a new will, which leaves her penniless at your death—tell her, in your righteous indignation, that she enters your doors no more. Place yourself in that strong position, and it is no longer you who are at your wife's mercy, but your wife who is at yours. Assert your own power, Sir, with the law to help you, and crush this woman into submission to any terms for the future that you please to impose."

He eagerly took up the pen. "Yes," he said, with a vindictive self-importance, "any terms I please to impose." He suddenly checked himself, and his face became dejected and perplexed. "How can I do it now?" he asked, throwing down the pen as quickly as he had taken it up.

"Do what, Sir?" inquired Mrs. Lecount.

"How can I make my will, with Mr. Loscombe away in London and no lawyer here to help me?"

Mrs. Lecount gently tapped the papers before her on the table with her forefinger.

"All the help you need, Sir, is waiting for you here," she said. "I considered this matter carefully before I came to you, and I provided myself with the confidential assistance of a friend, to guide me through those difficulties which I could not penetrate for myself. The friend to whom I refer is a gentleman of Swiss extraction, but born and bred in England. He is not a lawyer by profession, but he has had his own sufficient experience of the law, nevertheless; and he has supplied me, not only with a model by which you may make your will, but with the written sketch of a letter which it is as important for us to have as the model of the will itself. There is another necessity waiting for you, Mr. Noel, which I have not mentioned yet, but which is no less urgent, in its way, than the necessity of the will."

"What is it?" he asked, with roused curiosity.

"We will take it in its turn, Sir," answered Mrs. Lecount. "Its turn has not come yet. The will, if you please, first. I will dictate from the model in my possession, and you will write. Unless I greatly mistake your intentions, the document, when completed, will be short enough and simple enough for a child to understand it. But if any doubts remain on your mind, by all means compose those doubts by showing your will to a lawyer by profession. In the mean time, let me not be considered intrusive if I remind you that we are all mortal, and that the lost opportunity can never be recalled. While your time is your own, Sir, and while your enemies are unsuspicious of you, make your will!"

She opened a sheet of note-paper and smoothed it out before him; she dipped the pen in ink and placed it in his hands. He took it from her without speaking; he was, to all appearance, suffering under some temporary uneasiness of mind. But the main point was gained. There he sat, with the paper before him and the pen in his hand, ready at last, in right earnest, to make his will.

"The first question for you to decide, Sir," said Mrs. Lecount, after a preliminary glance at her Draft, "is your choice of an executor. I have no desire to influence your decision; but I may, without impropriety, remind you that a wise choice means, in other words, the choice of an old and tried friend whom you know that you can trust."

"It means the admiral, I suppose?" said Noel Vanstone.

Mrs. Lecount bowed.

"Very well," he continued. "The admiral let it be."

There was plainly some oppression still weighing on his mind. Even under the trying circumstances in which he was now placed it was not in his nature to take Mrs. Lecount's perfectly sensible and disinterested advice without a word of cavil, as he had taken it now.

"Are you ready, Sir?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount dictated the first paragraph from the Draft as follows:

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Noel Vanstone, now living at Baliol Cottage, near Dumfries. I revoke, absolutely and in every particular, my former will, executed on the thirtieth of September, eighteen hundred and forty-seven; and I hereby appoint Rear-Admiral Arthur Everard Bartram, of St. Crux-in-the-Marsh, Essex, sole executor of this my will."

"Have you written those words, Sir?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount laid down the Draft; Noel Vanstone laid down the pen. They neither of them looked at each other. There was a long silence.

"I am waiting, Mr. Noel," said Mrs. Lecount, at last, "to hear what your wishes are in respect to the disposal of your fortune. Your *large* fortune," she added, with merciless emphasis.

He took up the pen again, and began picking the feathers from the quill in dead silence.

"Perhaps your existing will may help you to instruct me, Sir," pursued Mrs. Lecount. "May I inquire to whom you left all your surplus money after leaving the eighty thousand pounds to your wife?"

If he had answered that question plainly he must have said, "I have left the whole surplus to my cousin, George Bartram," and the implied acknowledgment that Mrs. Lecount's name was not mentioned in the will must then have followed in Mrs. Lecount's presence. A much bolder man, in his situation, might have felt the same oppression and the same embarrassment which he was feeling now. He picked the last morsel of feather from the quill, and, desperately leaping the pitfall under his feet, advanced to meet Mrs. Lecount's claims on him of his own accord.

"I would rather not talk of any will but the will I am making now," he said, uneasily. "The first thing, Lecount—" He hesitated—put the bare end of the quill into his mouth—gnawed at it thoughtfully—and said no more.

"Yes, Sir?" persisted Mrs. Lecount.

"The first thing is—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"The first thing is, to—to make some provision for You?"

He spoke the last words in a tone of plaintive interrogation—as if all hope of being met by a magnanimous refusal had not deserted him even yet. Mrs. Lecount enlightened his mind on this point without a moment's loss of time.

"Thank you, Mr. Noel," she said, with the tone and manner of a woman who was not acknowledging a favor but receiving a right.

He took another bite at the quill. The perspiration began to appear on his face.

"The difficulty is," he remarked, "to say how much."

"Your lamented father, Sir," rejoined Mrs. Lecount, "met that difficulty (if you remember) at the time of his last illness?"

"I don't remember," said Noel Vanstone, doggedly.

"You were on one side of his bed, Sir, and I was on the other. We were vainly trying to persuade him to make his will. After telling us he would wait and make his will when he was well again—he looked round at me and said some kind and feeling words which my memory will treasure to my dying day. Have you forgotten those words, Mr. Noel?"

"Yes," said Mr. Noel, without hesitation.

"In my present situation, Sir," retorted Mrs. Lecount, "delicacy forbids me to improve your memory."

She looked at her watch and relapsed into silence. He clenched his hands and writhed from side to side of his chair in an agony of indecision. Mrs. Lecount passively refused to take the slightest notice of him.

"What should you say—?" he began, and suddenly stopped again.

"Yes, Sir?"

"What should you say to—a thousand pounds?"

Mrs. Lecount rose from her chair and looked him full in the face with the majestic indignation of an outraged woman.

"After the service I have rendered you today, Mr. Noel," she said, "I have at least earned a claim on your respect—if I have earned nothing more. I wish you good-morning."

"Two thousand!" cried Noel Vanstone, with the courage of despair.

Mrs. Lecount folded up her papers and hung her traveling-bag over her arm in contemptuous silence.

"Three thousand!"

Mrs. Lecount moved with impenetrable dignity from the table to the door.

"Four thousand!"

Mrs. Lecount gathered her shawl round her with a shudder and opened the door.

"Five thousand!"

He clasped his hands and wrung them at her in a frenzy of rage and suspense. "Five thousand!" was the death-cry of his pecuniary suicide.

Mrs. Lecount softly shut the door again and came back a step.

"Free of legacy duty, Sir?" she inquired.

"No!"

Mrs. Lecount turned on her heel and opened the door again.

"Yes!"

Mrs. Lecount came back and resumed her place at the table as if nothing had happened.

"Five thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, was the sum, Sir, which your father's grateful regard promised me in his will," she said, quietly. "If you choose to exert your memory, as you have not chosen to exert it yet, your memory will tell you that I speak the truth. I accept your filial performance of your father's promise, Mr. Noel—and there I stop. I scorn to take a mean advantage of my position toward you; I scorn to grasp any thing from your fears. You are protected by my respect for myself and for the Illustrious Name I bear. You are welcome to all that I have done and to all that I have suffered in your service. The widow of Professor Lecompte, Sir, takes what is justly hers—and takes no more!"

As she spoke these words the traces of sickness seemed for the moment to disappear from her face; her eyes shone with a steady inner light; all the woman warmed and brightened in the radiance of her own triumph—the triumph, trebly won, of carrying her point, of vindicating her integrity, and of matching Magdalen's incorruptible self-denial on Magdalen's own ground.

"When you are yourself again, Sir, we will proceed. Let us wait a little first."

She gave him time to compose himself; and then, after first looking at her Draft, dictated the second paragraph of the will, in these terms:

"I give and bequeath to Madame Virginie Lecompte (widow of Professor Lecompte, late of Zurich) the sum of Five Thousand Pounds, free of Legacy Duty. And, in making this bequest, I wish to place it on record that I am not only expressing my own sense of Madame Lecompte's attachment and fidelity in the capacity of my housekeeper, but that I also believe myself to be executing the intentions of my deceased father, who, but for the circumstance of his dying intestate, would have left Madame Lecompte, in *his* will, the same token of grateful regard for her services which I now leave her in mine."

"Have you written the last words, Sir?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Lecount leaned across the table and offered Noel Vanstone her hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Noel," she said. "The five thousand pounds is the acknowledgment on your father's side of what I have done for him. The words in the will are the acknowledgment on yours."

A faint smile flickered over his face for the first time. It comforted him, on reflection, to think that matters might have been worse. There was balm for his wounded spirit in paying the debt of gratitude by a sentence not negotiable at his banker's. Whatever his father might have done, *he* had got Lecount a bargain after all!

"A little more writing, Sir," resumed Mrs. Lecount, "and your painful but necessary duty will be performed. The trifling matter of my legacy being settled, we may come to the important question that is left. The future direction of a large fortune is now waiting your word of command. To whom is it to go?"

He began to writhe again in his chair. Even under the all-powerful fascination of his wife the parting with his money on paper had not been accomplished without a pang. He had endured the pang; he had resigned himself to the sacrifice. And now here was the dreaded ordeal again awaiting him mercilessly for the second time!

"Perhaps it may assist your decision, Sir, if I repeat a question which I have put to you already," observed Mrs. Lecount. "In the will that you made under your wife's influence, to whom did you leave the surplus money which remained at your own disposal?"

There was no harm in answering the question now. He acknowledged that he had left the money to his cousin George.

"You could have done nothing better, Mr. Noel, and you can do nothing better now," said Mrs. Lecount. "Mr. George and his two sisters are your only relations left. One of those sisters is an incurable invalid, with more than money enough already for all the wants which her affliction allows her to feel. The other is the wife of a man even richer than yourself. To leave the money to these sisters is to waste it. To leave the money to their brother George is to give your cousin exactly the assistance which he will want, when he one day inherits his uncle's dilapidated house and his uncle's impoverished estate. A will which names the admiral your executor, and Mr. George your heir, is the right will for you to make. It does honor to the claims of friendship, and it does justice to the claims of blood."

She spoke warmly, for she spoke with a grateful remembrance of all that she herself owed to the hospitality of St. Crux. Noel Vanstone took up another pen and began to strip the second quill of its feathers as he had stripped the first.

"Yes," he said, reluctantly; I suppose George must have it—I suppose George has the principal claim on me." He hesitated: he looked at the door, he looked at the window, as if he longed to make his escape by one way or the other. "Oh, Lecount," he cried, piteously, "it's such a large fortune! Let me wait a little before I leave it to any body!"

To his surprise, Mrs. Lecount at once complied with this characteristic request.

"I wish you to wait, Sir," she replied. "I have something important to say before you add another line to your will. A little while since I told you there was a second necessity connected with your present situation, which had not been provided for yet, but which must be provided for when the time came. The time has come now. You have a serious difficulty to meet and conquer before you can leave your fortune to your cousin George."

"What difficulty?" he asked.

Mrs. Lecount rose from her chair without answering, stole to the door, and suddenly threw it open. No one was listening outside; the passage was a solitude from one end to the other.

"I distrust all servants," she said, returning to her place—"your servants particularly. Sit closer, Mr. Noel. What I have now to say to you must be heard by no living creature but ourselves."

A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

To the Edditer of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR MR. EDDITER—Sarah Blue is a woman, and I bein' a person ov the same secks, yu see it's nateral we shouldn't allways agree.

I call myself a thorrough administratrix—I go fur the administrashun, thet is, fur the present one. None ov yure sham demockracys fur me!

Sarah says the same; but, between yu and me, it ain't true. Sarah is a good administratrix jest as long as affares go on tu suit her, but jest the eyedentical minit things go against the grain, she's off on the other side like a roket.

But I don't wunder at her idees bein' sumwhat fuddled on pollytics, for her father was the gratest turn-coat yu ever did see. He was brot up a methodist—then turned dimmycrat, and was made hog-reeve the same yeer, and evry one said that he intered inter pollytical life for the sake ov gittin' that office. Bimeby he jined the odd fellus (he was odd enuff then, in all konshunce!), and putty soon arter that he gut married and dyed his whiskers, fur which latter offense he was expelled frum the methodists, on the charge of pervurtin' the Scripture, which says, thou canst not make one hair white or black. Then he bort a small farm (he was a blacksmith before), and settled daown near us, and has voted reggerlarly on the dimmycratic ticket ever sense, but twise—once in Harrison's time, and agin in Taylor's; and ef aour State elecshun had come befour Pennsilvany, so he'd a known old Abe was baound tu win, he'd have voted for him.

Sense the war broke aout he's jined the Quakers, and every time he hears ov a draft bein' spoken of he quakes like a piece o' crab-apple jelly when yu fust turn it ker slap aout of the mold.

Naow there's one thing where Sarah is as like her father as two peas. She is fond ov pollytics. She reeds the New York *Herald* reggerlarly, so's tu be on all sides tu once; and don't hardly touch a novel, except the hisstorical novels in the Sunday papers. She don't reed menny works of fickshun, except ockashunally storys rit by the reliable correspondents of some of the newspapers. She nevver plays whist, becawse her father was a methodist; but she cheets awful in old maid and slap-jack, and sumtimes tells fokeses fortunes with the kards. But they don't many of 'em cum true. Tho' once she told Sam Jennings thet he would be choked tu death sum day eeting flap-jacks; and sure enuff, one nite, jest after supper, when his mouth was full of cakes and molasses, he slipped daown the sellar stares and broke his neck. They had a corrowner's jury on the boddy, and the verdick was he died from flap-jacks, as he had so menny in his maouth thet it removed the senter of gravety, and made him top-heavy, which cawsed him tu fall daown seller.

Wa'al, as I was goin' tu remarc, the larst conversashun I had with Sarah was abaout pollytics.

I was doin' aour ioning—we don't keep no hired gurl, and I du the work mostly—when in rushed Sarah Blue, as mad as a march hair, and sot rite daown on my pile ov hankerchefs, thet I'd put on the settle bench after ioning of 'em till they was as slick as a whistle.

"Charity! what *du* you think?" says she, as pail as a gost.

"Why, for the land's sake, what's the matter?" says I.

"Matter enuff!" she ansered, looking the very picture of skorn. "Old Abe Lincon has made a nu proclamashun!"

"Wa'al naow," says I, "I'm glad on't!—is it good?"

Yu see I didn't know exackly what it was—I didn't know but it was sum nu kind of cake he'd maid. Yu know we hev Washingtun Cake, and 'Lecshun Cake, and why shuldn't we hev Lincun Cake? Haowever, I didn't tell Sarah what I thort it was, and I was glad I didn't arterwards.

"Good! there ain't no good tu it," she replyed; "don't yu think he's gorne and told all the niggers tu cut sticks and run from there marsters as farst as thay kan; and he is trying tu aggeravate aour Suthern brethren [thet's what she kalls the rebbels], and I'm afrade they wun't like it!"

"Du tell!" said I.

"Oh Abe, *dear* Abe!" says she, agoin' rite daown on her nees tu the picture of the present ockupent ov the White Haouse, "du evry thing else but that! Kill the Saouth with yure bagonets, run 'em thro' with sords, shute 'em with pistuls, and knock 'em over with the cannon's rore, but spare, oh! spare thare pockets! Skin 'em alive, but don't tutch their niggars!"

"Don't yu mind a wurd she says!" cried I, impashuntly. "She don't know what she's a saying! Go it, Farther Abraham, and I'll sustane yu!"

"Grimes and liberty!" "Glory halleuyah!"

Don't yu think, Mister Edditer, that kritter gut so mad, she up and took one of my own flat ions and kum at me like a wild-cat!

I immejitly seesed hold of the tongs, and we fit thare in the kitchen till her face looked as if she'd hed the small-pox, and mine was puffed up as 'tis when I hev the tooth-ake, and all my kleen close that I'd ioned hed tu be put inter the wash agin.

I hev'nt bin aout ov the haouse sence.

But I had my reevenge, fur I rit a poim—a sarkastical poim, ov coarse—abaout the abolishun ov nigger slavery, and sent it tu Sarah Blue, and sined it Trooth, so she'd know who rit it. She hasn't spunk anuff tu anser it, tho'. Here it is, deer reeder:

POIM.

Abram, spair the Saouth!
  Tutch not a single nigger;
They'll bee daown in the maouth
  Ef yu cut such a figgar!
'Twas England's forstring hand
  The niggers here that brot;
Here Abram, let 'em stand!
  Yure acks shall harm 'em not.

When but a pickaninny
  They're wuth a lot ov tin;
Naow, good as gold frum Ginny,
  A fust-rate price they'd win.
The Saouth wants mony orful,
  And fites us, tooth and nale;
But oh! kan it be lorful
  Tu give thare niggs leg-bail?

Who fired rite on aour flag—
  Dragged freemen tu thare graves?
Who luv tu boast and brag
  Thet we shall bee thare slaves?
Who cum upon aour track,
  And scatter ruin threugh it?
And ef we kan strike back,
  For pity's sake, let's *du it!*

Yes! By our martyred dead,
  We'll follow Abram's plan;
On tu thare soil we'll tread,
  And hit 'em whare we kan!

CHARITY GRIMES.

[We shall be glad to hear from Mrs. GRIMES again.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*]

THE NINTH INDIANA AT DANVILLE.

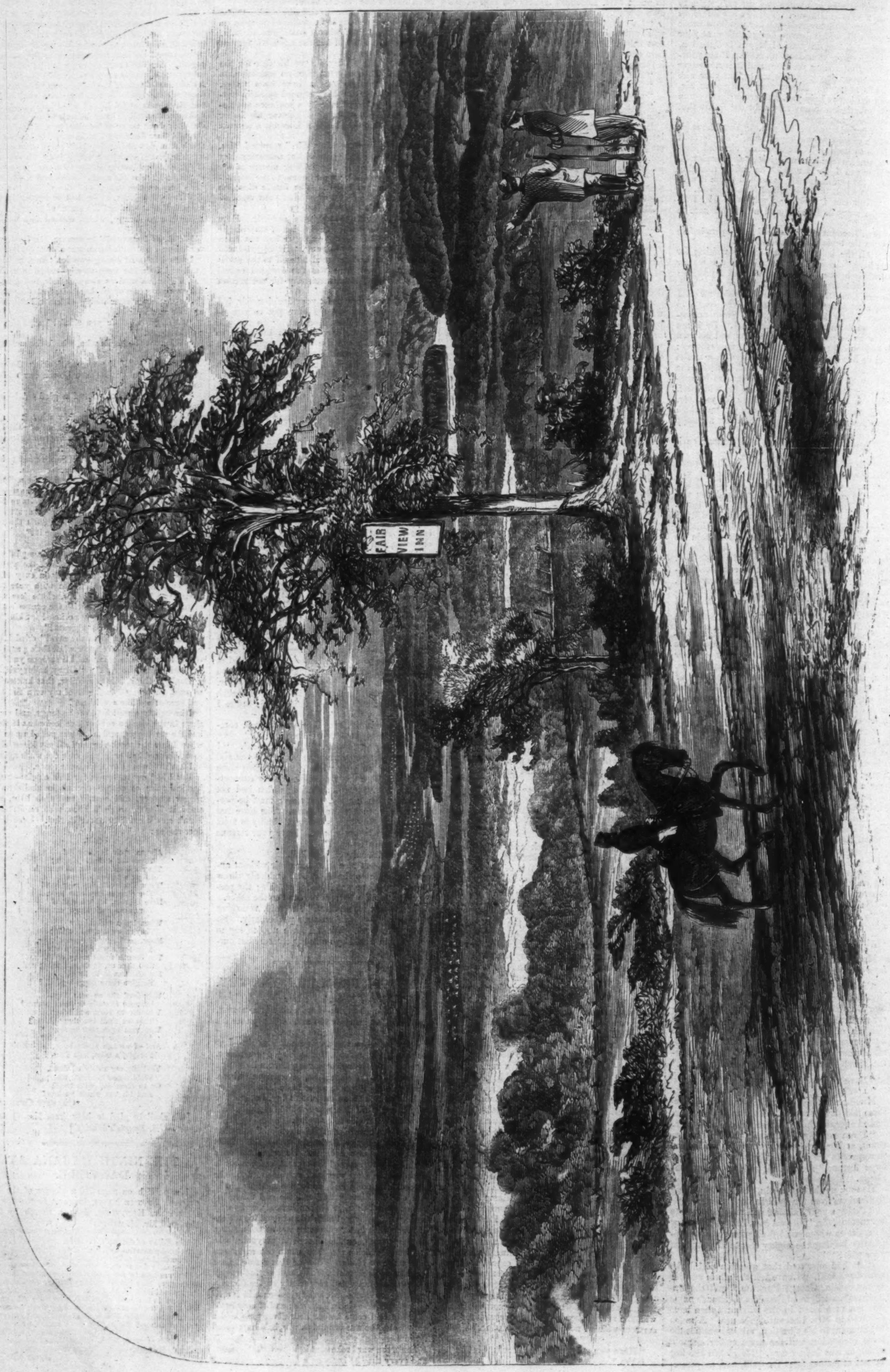
WE publish on page 710 a picture of the RECEPTION OF THE NINTH INDIANA REGIMENT AT DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, from a sketch by Mr. Mosler. Mr. M. writes:

DANVILLE, *October* 14, 1862.

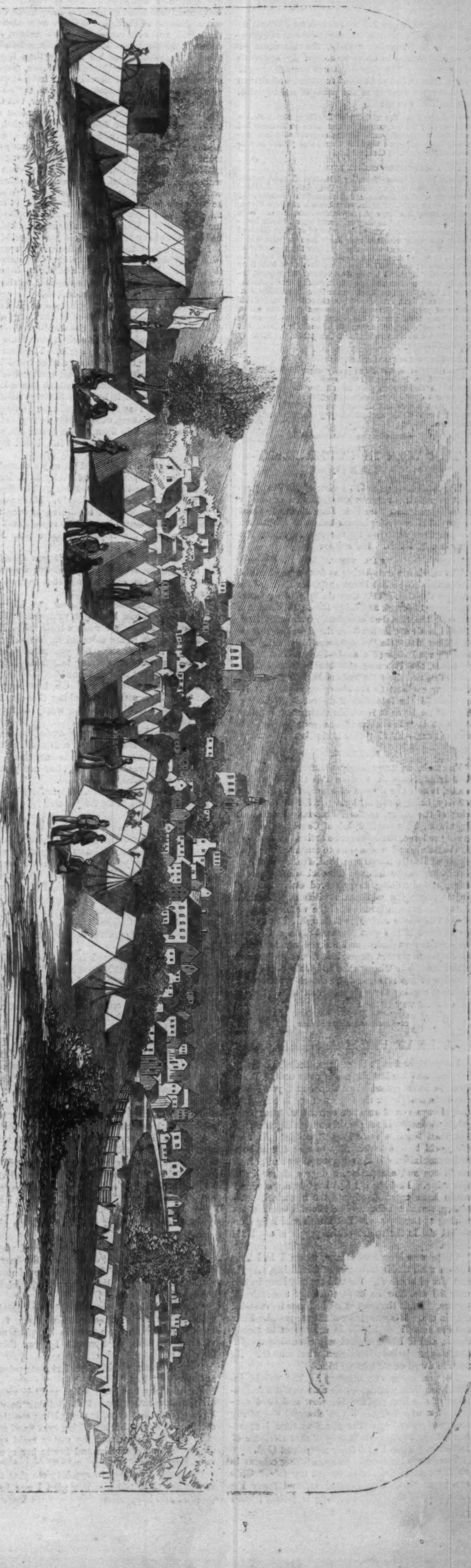
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Inclosed please find a sketch of the reception of the Ninth Indiana Regiment at Danville, Kentucky, after driving the rebels nearly five miles, fighting their way through town, which was held by the rebel John Morgan and his force of cavalry. The Ninth fought gallantly, commanded by the brave Colonel W. H. Blake. We captured, including prisoners in hospitals, about 500, who were all paroled. The Union feeling and exhibition of joy when we entered was never equaled. This is also the residence of General Fry and General Boyle. The town contains about 3000 inhabitants. The Ninth Indiana was greatly complimented by their General, W. L. Smith Commanding, General Nelson's Division.

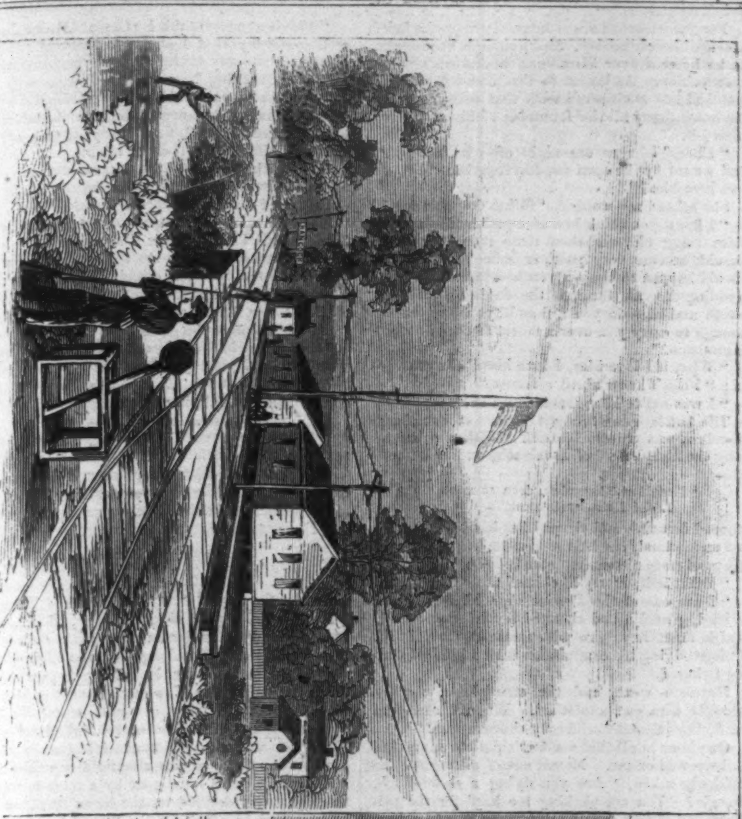
Yours respectfully,
HENRY MOSLER.



THE REBELS DESTROYING THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD, AS SEEN FROM FAIR VIEW.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

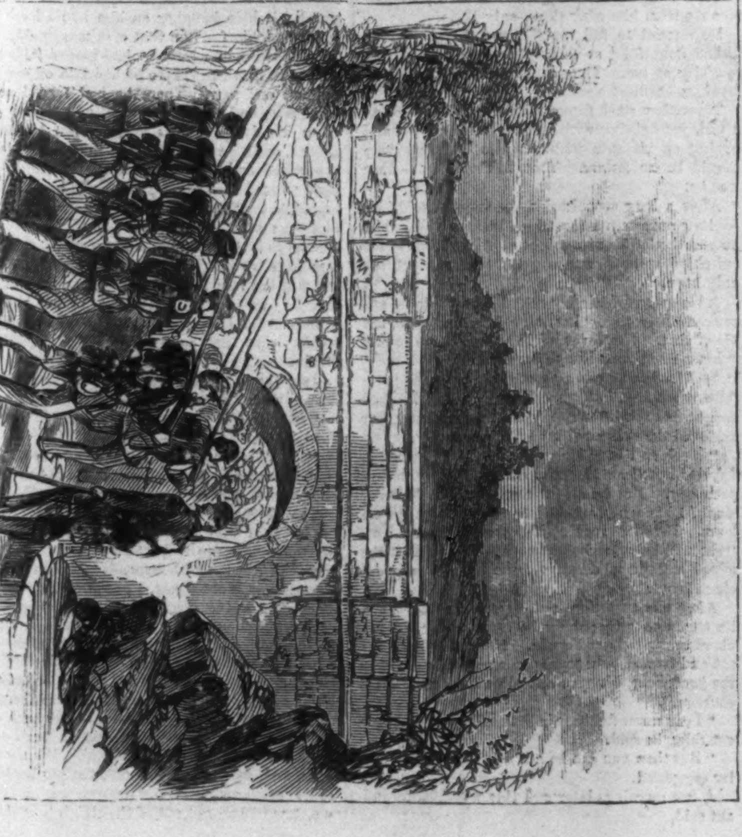


HANCOCK, MARYLAND, FROM THE CAMP OF BALLIER'S "BULLY DUTCHMEN"—NINETY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 713.]



BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD STATION AT HANCOCK.

PENALTY OF SELLING LIQUOR TO SOLDIERS—HANCOCK.



PASSING UNDER THE CANAL TO THE FORD.

RUNNING NEGROES SOUTH.

On pages 712 and 713 we publish an illustration of an event of very frequent occurrence at the present time in Virginia: namely, the Driving of Negroes South in order to escape the approach of our army. The poor creatures are collected in gangs, handcuffed or chained together, and driven off under the lash or at the point of the bayonet. One authority says:

A refugee from the vicinity of Leesburg states that a rebel cavalry force appeared in that place on Monday last and forcibly carried South all the negroes who had previously been collected together there, and placed in confinement, by order of General Lee.

The *Times* correspondent says:

While at Aldie, on Thursday last, two citizens, named Moore and Ball, came within our lines and were detained as prisoners. The first named is a son of the proprietor of Moore's flour mills, at Aldie, on a branch of Goose Creek, and the latter is a large planter in the same town. They had "done nothing," so they said, and were neither bushwhackers nor soldiers, and were surprised at being detained within our lines when so near their homes, from which they had been absent some time. Upon being questioned closely, they admitted that they had just come from the James River; and finally owned up that they had been running off "niggers," having just taken a large gang, belonging to themselves and neighbors, southward *in chains*, to avoid losing them under the emancipation proclamation. I understand, from various sources, that the owners of this species of property, throughout this section of the State, are moving it off toward Richmond as fast as it can be spared from the plantations, and the slaveholders boast that there will not be a negro left in all this part of the State by the 1st of January next.

Another correspondent says:

The rebels in Secessia are busily engaged just now in running off to Richmond and beyond negroes and conscripts. A Union man, just from below Culpepper, says that he saw droves of negroes and white men on the road at different points—all strongly guarded. He does not exactly know which excited his pity most, the white or black men.

THE WAR IN UPPER MARYLAND.

We publish on page 716 a view of the Destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by the rebels, as seen from Fair View Mountain; and on page 717 several pictures taken at Hancock. All are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. He writes:

FAIR VIEW.

The rebels are completing as fast as possible the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by burning the ties. This they do by placing fence-rails upon the track and firing them; this destroys not only the ties, but completely ruins the iron. When I made my sketch from the signal-station on Fair View Mountain the sight was beautiful. The burning road showed a snake-like trail of smoke for miles, the Potomac showing here and there like lakes, and the thousands of little tents gave a charming contrast to the changing forest. It is, we are told, the intention of the rebels to destroy the road as far as it is within their reach. They say that it "Yankeeized" the country through which it ran—meaning that it civilized it.

HANCOCK.

Hancock, an exceedingly picturesque town of 4000 inhabitants, situated on this side of the Potomac, is now the theatre of considerable military activity, being occupied by a portion of the right wing of the Army of the Potomac. Lieutenant Eggleston, Provost Marshal of Conch's division, having ordered, the moment he arrived in the city, all the hotels and restaurants to cease from selling liquor while the troops remained, destroyed all he found upon the premises of those who disobeyed the order, and by doing so preserved order and discipline among the soldiers and citizens. Hancock is now the eastern terminus of the western portion of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Each train has in front of it a gun mounted upon a platform car, and the engineers and firemen are furnished with rifles to protect themselves from attacks from guerrillas. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is on this side of the river, and the sketch represents a regiment passing through a culvert under the canal on their way to the ford.

A LEAF FROM A SUMMER.

Fates ripen fast in these days, and all that was happiest and hardest for me is over now. Years seem to have passed since June, and yet I can count the months on the fingers of one hand. Life had always run in an even current with me; my griefs no one could see; noteless agonies, none the less keen because sometimes fantastic. At first the world looked awkwardly to me: I was long in harmonizing. But as I grew older and gained confidence and occupation, a degree of happiness was mine. Perhaps if I had kept in my corner I might have crystallized into the historical, botanizing, serene specimen of ladyhood I was fast becoming at twenty-one. But Time's whirligig soon placed me in the midst of the people of my little drama.

There was Morrison Deane, whom I had long known with the indifference of friendship, now to find him of kindred. He told me how long he had watched me, how he understood my undeveloped powers. I felt that out of all he knew he confided only in me. His sympathy made me proud. Slow natures sometimes kindle in a moment to steady flame; and if I had been slowly educating myself to the appreciation of this man, what matter? No need to dwell on it, I loved him.

Do you know the mystery? The subtle, indefinite uplifting of the whole nature, the abandonment of the first rapture, the slow and hard control of a new being. I was changed out of my own understanding. For the first time I apprehended the unutterable beauty of that attribute of Divinity. Then I first truly worshiped God.

The future lay then in mazy, shifting colors; in no day-reverie did I seek to find my fate. Girls are prone to deceive themselves, and fancy the friendship of their friend turning love-color; but I did not falter but once, it was so easy. Aunt Felix and I had lived on in our country home without a thought of change. We two were alone in the world, and were contented as two women ever can be. Suddenly the ancient maiden, a hundred times more youthful in her feelings than I, consented to enliven the solitude of a solemn, respectable widower, a man I should never have suspected. Then my friends took counsel on my affairs and decided I should be buried no longer, but take up my abode henceforth with my guardian and cousin James. So the house was dismantled, all my nooks and habits invaded, and all I was to commence my new life with was packed in three great trunks before me. The only time I was ungracious to Morrison Deane was that afternoon, when he walked in swinging his straw-hat and looking so cool and contented as to infuriate me. "Well," he said, in a few moments, "you *are* cross. Come, take a walk; I have to go over the river, and—is it too far for you? Who knows how soon, like knight and maid, we may track these old ways again!"

I picked up my hat from the floor, and we walked toward the long, covered bridge that spanned the river. Leaving its hot and dusty interior we took a road that lay across desolate meadows, gradually gaining higher ground, till the queer brown houses of Berkeley began to straggle down to us, and we found ourselves in the long, elm-shaded street—the pride of the dwellers therein. I walked on slowly until Morrison ended his errand, when we turned back again. The hour altered the scene. Soft rose and amber faded into the blue of upper heaven, and faint earth-mists began to creep from the meadows, which bore a loneliness I had never felt before. Some portion of my mood escaped me as we talked unrestrainedly.

"I dread this new uncertainty so, my nature shrinks so timorously from the life before me, that I wish I could slip quite out of it. I feel hopeless."

"Look at the bridge," said he, as we neared it. "Along its dark perspective friendly little lamps glitter; there is no life without them. You should have nothing to trouble you deeply. Have you?"

"I suppose not. There is nothing to weep for, nothing to anticipate; nobody to regret, and nobody to whom I am any thing more than Miss Oliver."

We had entered the bridge. It was deserted. The low gurgle of the water and our lingering footsteps were the only sounds that roused the echoes.

"Pshaw!" said Morrison, and put his arm around me—he knew he might, perhaps. "How desperate you women are when a little sad! Now I would work off, in my calculations or rough riding, such a mood as this; but you brood over it until you are ready for a flying leap from the parapet. Are you not *Margie* to me?"

His tone shot through me. Oh, how happy I might be! Then came the flashing thought, like the rare jewel that makes the weary diamond-seeker free.

We came out on the open road again, and I asked him if he had seen Elsie, my cousin's daughter.

"Not since she was a child," he answered. He had heard she was very pretty, but not prettier than all young ladies, he imagined.

"They are very gay there. I wonder what sort of setting you will make for yourself! Can you turn fashionist?"

"I may."

"There is only one thing that I rejoice at in this transplantation—you will be on my ground; within these past few years we have been separated more than I like. You must tell your cousin James that I am one of your pieces of property."

He lingered in the door-way, and, I knew, felt retrospective and a little sad, as I did, at the thought of the old place being deserted; but he said nothing but cheerful words, and bade me good-night.

Days sped, and, clasped in Elsie's arms, I felt my real poverty—that Nature had left me giftless. Here stood one who dazzled my senses. There was nothing neutral or negative about her. All glowed with the immortal tint of loveliness. I never yet saw a perfect statue or a Titian dream of color, or heard strains of Schubert's music, without pain that almost annulled my pleasure. Some such heartache possessed me as I looked at her.

"I admire your Mr. Deane," Elsie said, after his first visit. At the second she whispered, "*Doesn't* he love music? I shall practice Mozart now, you may be sure." At the third she said nothing.

He had promised to spend a certain Wednesday evening with us, and Elsie offered him the bait of chocolate if he'd come to tea. She spent all the afternoon at her toilet, braiding her hair before the glass, now looping it low, now pushing it back from her face, studying effects. I knew what she was thinking of. I believed she would succeed; and when his eyes fell on her that evening I knew she *had* succeeded.

Not many days after this he found me alone, buried in the papers.

"Put aside your politics," said he; "I want to talk to you." So I laid down the broad sheet.

"We seem on the thunderous eve of another revolution, it seems. Have you read this leader?"

He put it by.

"I am selfish just now, Margie, and think of nothing but my own embarrassments. I love Elsie. You must have seen it, knowing me as well as you do. Be honest. Do you think it hopeless?"

"Every thing yields to the fortunate prince," I answered. "Try."

He lifted my hand to his lips as Elsie swept in all perfume and color. I don't think he would have spoken just then, barely giving me time to escape, but he saw her mistaking eyes fixed on me.

It was soon over, and my merry maid sprang in, scarlet in her cheeks and fire in her eyes. I must congratulate her.

He found a moment to speak to me that night. It was easier to tell him how glad I was he was satisfied and happy.

For two months he was intensely happy, a brief absence his only misery. Sharp enough, he thought, as he loitered over his adieux in Aldrich's sweet poet fashion. As he sat in the room with her he watched her unobserved with that full gaze that made me fancy all the fountains of his soul completed it.

"Elsie," I began one night after he had gone, and we sat by the open window together, "how do you love him?"

She echoed my words. "What do you mean?"

"I know you think him nice and handsome, besides being cleverer than some men, but if he should become very poor, or some fearful thing should happen to him—if you had to wait for your wedding-day all through the freshness of your youth and his—do you feel as if you had feeling enough to carry you over a desert of time and circumstance?"

"Why, if I love him, I love him," she answered; "I don't know about romance."

"I was not talking romance," I said.

The battle guns brought us out of ourselves. Morrison was true to himself. With a smile he sang the little ballad of Lovelace's, and as he ended—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more"—

stooped forward, and clasped her hands. She did not understand, but half read some bodeful fate in his passionate glance, my startled air.

"What is it, Morry?" chimed the silver voice.

"I am one of the President's soldiers," he answered, gravely, and changed to tender soothing; which must have proved successful, for I found Elsie studying his commission with a kind of vanity I shared.

Morrison went, and the struggle of months brought him out unscathed. When I saw him fresh, brown, and warlike my courage rose.

One hour in all that summer's patient campaign he bestowed on me. Moved out of all reserve, he suddenly asked, "Are you dying a slow death, Margie? You are working too hard for the soldiers, and giving drop by drop your blood to these needy veins."

"No," I told him. It was new life. I had found my work. Then we talked of the war seriously and of Elsie. He had parted from her at Saratoga.

"You will watch over her for my sake, the one dear thing I own?"

I promised, and he shook hands warmly and moved away. I looked gravely after him. Who knew the mischance another month might hold? He caught my look and came back, reuttering his good-by, and for the first time kissed me. When the door fairly closed the only tears I ever shed for him felt hot, hard-wrung.

The wounded came pouring in. The gloomy lists in the papers swelled. It did not startle me when I read his name in the long, confused column; I only thought of what must be done. But what could I do! I was the only one at home—I could not hurry to the battle-field. It was not my right to nurse him when he came. But when my friends wrote me he was in New Haven—that haven of good nursing and devoted care—and not a word was heard from Elsie or her accompanying papa, I took my sober old Louisa and started for Connecticut. Once I thought of the proprieties; then "Pooh," said I—"the women are too busy to comment on me, and have I not some gray hairs?" It was a relief to feel myself borne along in the rapid train. It was night before we reached our journey's end. That night was the hardest I ever passed.

As early in the morning as I dared we walked to the hospitals. At the entrance stood some young girls smiling under their round hats. Their silver chatter ceased as we entered. A few moments' delay and inquiry, and I walked slowly down the room to his bedside.

"Ah me, Morrison Deane!"

He smiled, and said, "You are here, thank God!" I was speechless; but nothing could have torn me from him after that—only Elsie.

He seemed to fail rapidly, and the physicians looked doubtfully at each other—the women sorrowfully at me. They could not bear to lose so loyal, so obedient a soul.

Truer than steel, firmer than the rock, gentle as a girl, yet fighting with a steadfast sternness, and urging on his men with a resolution that there should be no failure. That is the soldier—that was he.

After a long consultation the surgeon told him by how uncertain a thread he held on life. The amputation of his arm might save him; but in his enfeebled state it was a great risk, and yet the only hope.

A letter from Elsie lay next his heart, as he answered cheerfully, "Let it be done. I shall not die of that. She loves me!" he whispered to me. "Let me scratch a line to her before."

So I fastened down a sheet of paper to the portfolio with pins, and gave him a pencil. He had sought himself to write with his left hand, but achieved the epistle with no little difficulty.

"Much as I have longed for her," said he, while I folded it, "I am thankful she accepts my will so patiently. Not for all the comfort she could bring would I have her exposed to these scenes for an hour. If I die," turning his eyes full on my face, "she will only know she has lost me, without the added anguish of detail, for she has not your anchored soul."

After the operation, contrary to all their fears, he began to rally; daily he grew better till my blood began to bound again. Hour after hour as I sat and fanned him, trying to create a coolness in the heated air, his eyes met mine with undaunted courage.

"I can never fight again!" was the only despondent thing he said.

"But then you can be a tax-gatherer," the doctor suggested.

A few mornings later and this watchful attendant said,

"This is unaccountable! Captain Deane was so well yesterday that I began to think of sending him home; to-day is the weakest yet, his pulse is absolutely nothing."

"Is the arm painful?" walking to him.

"Not much," he answered. The doctor made his examinations and went away unsatisfied. I watched him lie motionless, silent, pale, only a quiet breath or weary movement showing him alive. There was no change for the better: as the days passed he sank under an invisible hand.

Then it came to pass that I said, as I leaned over him, "Shall I not send for Elsie now?"

He turned his face to the wall as he answered, "She will not marry a cripple, Margie; she has changed her mind."

That letter, like the anchorite's cross of points, was on his breast; he gave it to me, but could I read her renunciation? I could not see. It dropped unheeded as I put my arm over him and touched his cheek with mine. I could not help it. His enemy had struck him unarmed and unaware.

He turned his face to me.

"Is it so, poor child?" said he, faintly. "Are we all wrong? Be faithful; God will set it right."

The hour came when they lowered him into the earth, and fired their volleys over him.

I wished they could have dug a grave for me, but I have to live.

WOLVES.

After visiting the White Village, I had agreed to accompany Saunderson to a place called the Little Village, which belonged to the widowed lady who had obtained from the white villagers mercy for being merciful. The management of this estate, including a large saw-mill, corn-mill, and sugar-mill, was under the control of the intelligent gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at the hunt. The distance was about thirty miles, and, although we could have gone by a more open and safe route, we decided on the forest track, as the nearest, and as affording the best chance of sport by the way. During two preceding nights the frost had sharpened, until the snow was crisp and firm, and formed in any direction through the wood a magnificent hard road, without a track on it. Instead of shunning the wolves, which abounded in the forest, we resolved to court their company, and for this purpose carried with us a decoy, in the shape of a young pig carefully tied up in a strong canvas sack. Rifles, knives, ammunition, brandy-flasks, and sandwiches, having been put into our well-appointed sleigh, we set off, passed the church, crossed the bridge, went up the hill a little, and then striking into the forest, were soon in its labyrinths. Our driver was the starost's son, a man of about five-and-thirty, who had established himself as coachman on all my excursions. Two of Saunderson's wolf-hounds and the count's Newfoundland dog, lay at our feet, perfectly alive to the possibilities of sport.

Before we had quite left all evidences of traffic we heard the sound of men shouting and laughing at some distance. Determined to see what was going on, we left the sleigh, and taking our rifles, made toward the noise. Sounds travel far in a wood through clear cold air, and we had further to go than we expected before we found several men, who in felling trees had unearthed a bear. There he stood on his hind-legs, in front of what had been his hibernating place—a large hole under an oak which had been just pulled down. He stood with his back against the trunk, and his fore-feet beating the air, and the men were amusing themselves with his antics. As he seemed to want something to hug, they stepped up close to him, and put a lump of wood covered with mat between his arms. He closed them with a growl, and gave it a hug, and tore the mat to pieces. I was astonished—only for a moment—to see the men so close to him, teasing him without fear for themselves. There was no cause for astonishment; poor Bruin had not yet come to his senses. He was quite blind, thin, and gaunt, his hide hanging on him like a loose garment, and his fur like that of a mangy dog. In the beginning of winter he had prepared his hole, and crept into it. There he had lain on one side, sucking one paw. There he had turned on his other side, and was fast exhausting the other paw, when his dwelling was broken open by an evil chance, and he was forced to get up and collect his benumbed and dormant faculties, among which sight seemed slow to return. He had a dismal and repulsive aspect, as he stood or advanced on his hind-legs a little way from his support, and retreated to it growling and angry. To prevent the men from torturing the poor creature to death, we put a bullet into the right place, and left the men and the bear together. The bullet saved him from a more cruel death; which is our only excuse for having shot that poor, blind, sleepy, bewildered Bruin.

Just then the driver said: "We shall soon get among the wolves. I think I see their marks."

"Shall we try the pig, as a decoy?" I said to Saunderson.

"By all means, let us have a shot at something that is not blind and helpless. I can not get the old bear off my conscience, poor wretch!"

The pig was dragged from under the seat, where he had lain very quiet, and, by dint of pinching his tail, was made to perform a solo of pig music with variations, which resounded for miles through the stillness of the forest. For some time we could discern no wolves, but at length we caught sight of two, skulking among the underwood, in a parallel line with our path, but at a respectful distance. Although we kept up the decoy music they were shy of approaching within shot. One end of a long white cotton rope was then attached to the mouth of the pig's bag, the other end to the back of the sleigh, and as we slowly turned a bend in the track the bag was dropped behind. We slackened pace, and, as the rope ran out, the pig became of course stationary. When the rope was all run out, we stopped and got out of the sleigh to watch the

result, taking our station about two hundred yards from the pig, behind a tree, with our eyes on the place where we had last seen the two wolves. The pig, meantime, finding himself in a new position, put new zeal into his music. The wolves left the cover with springs and jumps, and soon approached the poor pig, who was in no greater danger than ourselves. As they were on the point of springing on the bag—in fact, one of them had made the jump—a sign caused the driver to move on with his horses, thus pulling the prey out of their reach, and setting them both wondering what this could mean. The wonder did not last long, for the wolves distinctly had smelled pork, and meant to dine on it.

They again approached the bag, and the bag again receded, while the most vociferous and resounding shrieks proceeded from the pig inside. The wolves made a furious run, and again the driver gave reins to the horses till he had pulled the pig nearly on a line with the place where Saunderson and I were standing: the wolves following with tongues out and glaring eyes. Both rifles went off at the same moment, and, strange to say, only one wolf rolled over. We had both fired into one. The other wolf sprang for cover, but was stopped and brought to bay by the three dogs, who very soon made an end of him, receiving in the struggle a few sharp bites from his ugly teeth.

This method of decoying the wolves is common in that part of the country, and it is not unattended with danger, for, in case of a large pack being attracted, nothing but fleet horses can save the hunters. We had this advantage, besides rifles and dogs, and were prepared for as many wolves as might show themselves.

"Do you hear that?" said Saunderson, as an unmistakable howling yelp was borne to us on the wind. "We have only killed the advance-guard; the pack is in full cry. Be quick, fetch in the pig, and let us drag these two behind the sleigh."

We tied the rope round the neck of each wolf, and dragged both as fast as possible, secured the dogs in the sleigh, and jumped in ourselves. Then off we sped again, wolves by this time visible on each side of us and behind us. We soon found we could sustain a pace of three feet to their two, and this cleared us of risk. All we had to do was to prevent their getting ahead of us.

Having reloaded our empty barrels and lighted our cigars, we kept watch on either side for a good shot; but it is not easy to get a good shot in a running sleigh, unless the object be stationary, large, and near.

"Mattvic, go slower, keep your eye on the horses, and pull up very gradually when I cry 'stop.'"

"I hear."

A detachment behind were now coming up in fine style.

"Slower, Mattvic."

"I hear."

We got on our knees on the seat of the sledge with our faces to the approaching wolves, about fifteen in number; we rested our rifles on the back, and as the wolves came up Saunderson said,

"Now, take one on the left, and I'll take one on the right, and as soon as you see their teeth fire."

"Stop, Mattvic."

"I hear."

Gradually the sleigh came to a stand. The wolves were by this time within twenty yards of us, and we could see their grinning and sharp grinders, their tongues lapping and the light in their fiery eyes.

"Are you ready? Fire! Two down. Again! The other barrel. Ready? Fire! Other two down. Drive on, Mattvic, slowly; it will take them some time to consider of that."

The wolves all stopped, and seemed to gather round their fallen friends. A turn in the wood hid them from view. Even our enemies on the right and left flanks paused at the unexpected reports of the guns, and allowed us to proceed without molestation. We went more and more slowly, and at length stopped altogether and waited; but no more wolves came up.

"I am afraid," said Saunderson, "our wolf-hunting is over for to-day. Drive on, Mattvic, we can't help it."

"Listen, barons," said Mattvic. "We can trap them all. I'll be the pig."

"Trap them. How?"

"It is easily done. About three versts from this is Timofey Evanoffage, the woodman's hut. You have only to make one turn to the right, and keep straight on, and you will reach it. He has a wolf-trap. Get [illegible] ready, and I will bring on the wolves. Never [illegible] you must give me the little horse; he is swift and sure; I have hunted wolves before with him."

After a slight hesitation about the man's safety, which he thought in no peril of any sort, his plan was adopted. The little horse was got out and given to Mattvic; Saunderson mounted the dickey, and on we went ahead. Our man, screaming like a pig, rode back to invite the wolves to follow him into Timofey's trap. Around Timofey's house was a strong, high palisade; through this there was only one entrance, by a door opening inward, and hung by a pulley and heavy balance-weight, so when a wolf pushed himself through this door it closed, and shut him into the space between the house and palisade. This space was again divided off by strong cross-partitions round the premises, in each of which was fixed a sliding panel or a drop panel, that could be pulled up or let down from within the house. By these means the inmates could separate the wolves, and kill them with dogs, guns, or hatchets, at their leisure. I had heard of one man trapping in this manner as many as fifty wolves in a winter, besides other game, the skins of which were worth to him at least one hundred and fifty rubles.

As we approached the hut we found it of larger dimensions than we had expected, and the palisade seemed to take in a larger circumference than one hut required. We shouted, but no one answered; all was as still and quiet as if the place were uninhabited. On our entering the door through the palisade it closed with a bang, and we found ourselves in a small inclosure with a gateway opposite, leading to the back premises; but it was made fast. After thundering at it for a minute or two a small door in the gateway opened, and there emerged, cautiously, the figure of a man rubbing his eyes and staring through his hair. He reminded me of the blind bear. His hair, like a great mass of tangled tow, was matted over his head and face; he wore a coarse gray ragged overcoat over a gray cotton or sacking shirt and trowsers, and long felt boots completed his costume. He made many excuses, and asked pardon many times for keeping us waiting, but seemed to be in no hurry to admit us until we told him that a pack of wolves might be expected, and that our horses and conveyances must be put in a place of safety. The information acted on him like a galvanic shock, and he was off into the house with a spring, through a side-door inside the gateway. We followed, stooping all the time, and were in the house. It was a man-kennel, twenty or thirty feet square, a great stove in the centre, dogs about a score lying on the floor, and men snoring on the top of the pack. The heat was suffocating, the stench was poisonous. Timofey soon roused the sleepers, pulling them off their perch by the legs, pouring water over their heads, cuffing the men and kicking the dogs. "Wolves! wolves! you pigs, and you all sleeping! Be quiet, dogs. No barking. Evan, take the barons' horses and dogs round by the back entrance to the shed. Quick! Andrea, stand by the big gate, and be ready to shut it after Mattvic gets through. Put the dogs in the third division, and get out the guns! Ah, thank God and these barons for bringing us the wolves!"

We had no intention of being cooped up in the hut while the fray went on, and therefore took our station beside the man at the gateway, which now stood wide open for the admission of Mattvic and his little horse. In a short time all was quiet, and every necessary preparation made. Then came the howling of wolves and the screaming as of a pig, the gallop of a horse over the hard crisp snow, the rush of many small feet. The outer door in the palisade was dashed open, and Mattvic, followed in half a minute by the whole pack, rushed in. That half-minute was just sufficient to enable Mattvic to vanish through the outer door into the trap. Then, as the last pressure on the door was removed, it closed with a loud sharp sound, and some five-and-twenty wolves were snared in a space not larger than twelve feet by twenty. We did not at first close the inner gateway, but, leveling our pieces at the mass of wolves now huddling themselves up in a corner, poured in two volleys in rapid succession, then closed the gate, and reloaded for another charge. The change from the air of ferocious savage daring which the wolves had displayed in pursuit of a single horseman, to abject terror when they found themselves caught in the narrow trap, was instantaneous. They were like sheep in a pen, crushing up in a corner, riding on the top of one another, lying down on their bellies, crouching and shivering with fear. It is not necessary to describe the scene of mere slaughter. Two staves were chopped out of the gateway that we might fire through. The drop panels were opened, and two or three were admitted at a time to the next division; there dogs were let in on them through the adjoining trap, or they were killed by men with great bars of wood or axes, and at length, when only six or seven remained, three of the men went in among them, and with perfect safety dispatched them. They say that a worm will turn on the heel that treads on it, but wolves caught in a trap like this, from which there is no escape, have less courage than a worm. They crouch, shiver, and die, as I saw, without one effort at self-defense, or one snap of retaliation.

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